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Into the paddock, down the fairway, over hill and down dale, on horseback, across the moors with the guns, goes the Henry Heath "Souci," the hat for every sporting occasion. Light and comfortable, it remains unperturbed by the strongest wind. And for those who like a quiet life, it adds elegance and comfort to a country ramble. "Souci" Regd. Mixture Sports Felt - 15/-. Colours: Heather Green, Medium Grey, Light Brown, and Air Force Blue.

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Accommodation for 600 guests.

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Overlooking Sea. Excellent cuisine. Licensed. Every bedroom with most comfortable box spring beds, central or electric heating, hot and cold water. Ballroom Dancing. Ocean Hotel Orchestra. Sports Manager. Morning exercises on Downs. Exercise Room. Ample sun-bathing facilities for every guest. Children's Nursery. 18-hole practice Golf Course free to guests. Near two Golf Courses. Tennis. Horse Riding. Garage accommodation for 250 Cars. Take "Streamline" taxi or 12b Southdown Bus from Brighton Station direct to Hotel.

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Licensed Restaurant, etc. Membership is now available to persons of good social standing. Annual Subscription £3. 3. 0. No Entrance fee to founder members. Full particulars from the resident secretary.

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Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renowned. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mk.

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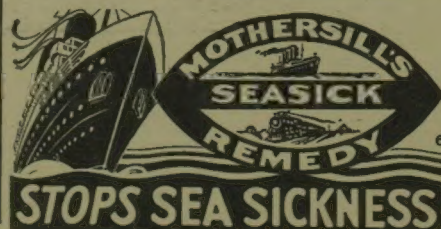


FOR YOUR THROAT

Guard your throat against infectious winter ills with these delicious pastilles. They are absolutely pure and contain the juice of ripe blackcurrants.

Allenburys
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FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3



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A revelation in writing

The more easily you write, the less effort you expend, the more smoothly and naturally will you express yourself. Every user of a Swan Pen knows this. It is no secret. It is a revelation. Only a pen made as the Swan is made could give such unobtrusive day in—day out satisfaction, such unfailing service and above all such unbelievably smooth writing with a nib that is practically unwearable.

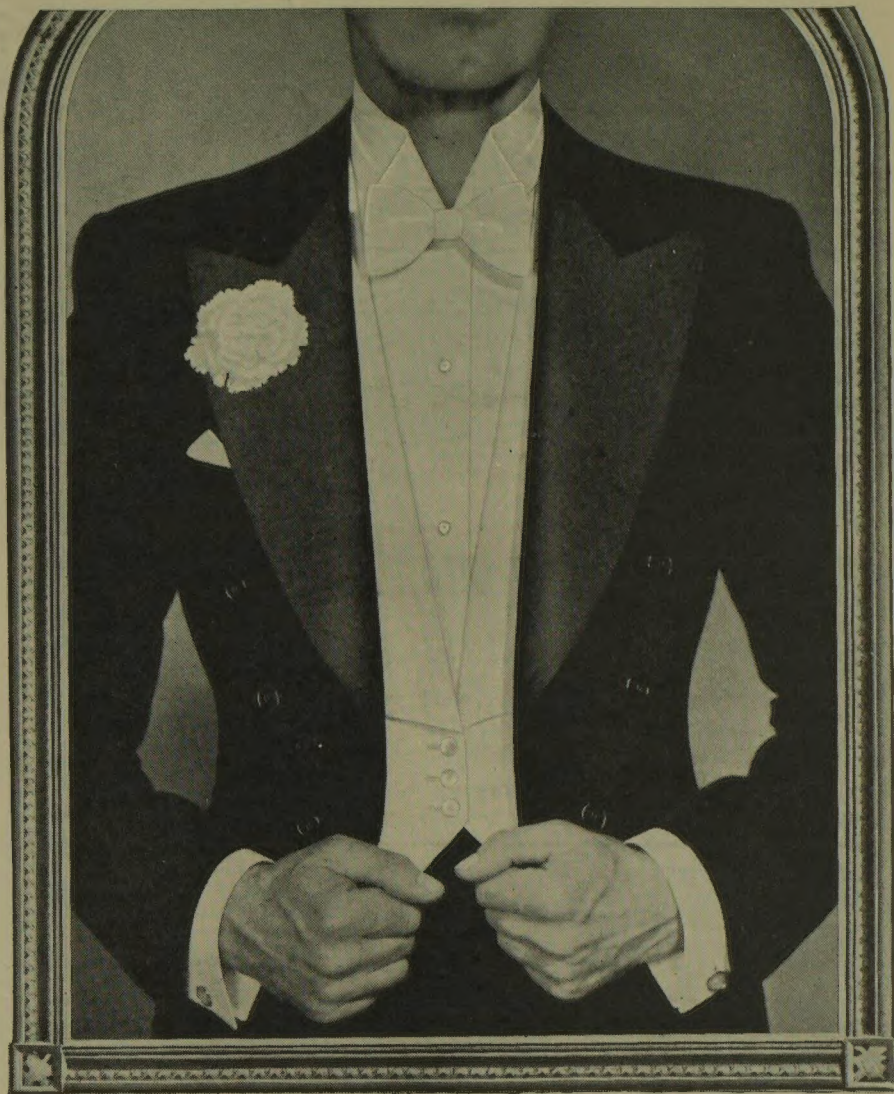


For your convenience there is a model exactly suited to your writing and your hand, and two distinct but equally up-to-date types to choose from. For extra large capacity and ink visibility there is the Visofil—for ease and speed in filling, the Leverless, each in a variety of attractive styles and colours.

Swan Pens

The Visofil Swan 25/-. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Of all Stationers and Jewellers. Descriptive lists on application from Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., Mayfair, London, W.1, & Branches.

Whatever your pen, use **SWAN INK**. It makes **ALL** pens write better.



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We have left nothing to chance in working out the fitting of our evening clothes. We make six styles of dress collar, all in quarter-sizes. We have dress ties to fit every size and every style. We make our dress shirts in fifteen different styles, all with a choice of three sleeve-lengths and three depths of front in every collar size. We make our white waistcoats with three depths of front in all the principal styles and sizes. And we have tails and dinner suits tailored in advance to fit you perfectly.

TAIL COATS	7 guineas	WHITE WAISTCOATS	10/6 to 25/6
DINNER JACKETS	4½ guineas	BLACK WAISTCOATS	30/-
DOUBLE-BREADED DINNER JACKETS	5 guineas	DRESS SHIRTS	from 10/6
DRESS TROUSERS	45/-	DRESS COLLARS	8/6 a dozen
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There is no
**Scotch
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so good as
Crawford's

Made by
CRAWFORD'S of EDINBURGH
and sold everywhere

Of Interest to Women.



Flared and Fitted.

Skirts are flared and bodices are fitted; of that there is no shadow of doubt. It is the flared skirt that leads; it is moderately full and therefore very practical. Furthermore, some are gored, some have fullness below the waistline. Others are slim, while "apron" effects are making an effort to gain favour. The "fitted" corsage has met with great success; nevertheless, the waists must be slender. They may be draped, or arranged with a slight fall-over at the back as well as in front. The square shoulder is still to be seen; a fold is introduced more often than not. A new note is struck in the wide armholes with drooping shoulders. Generally speaking, necklines are high.

Frocks—Simple and Flattering.

Frocks, simple and flattering, ever occupy an important position at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. Those illustrated on this page may be seen in the stock size department on the second floor. The unassuming little frock on the left is six and a half guineas, carried out in a black fabric, its charm increased with embroidered woollen flowers. Eighty shillings is the cost of the wool dress on the left below. It is relieved with tiny tucks and soft satin ribbon.

Colour Harmony Prevails.

As fashion to-day insists on colour harmony, Swan and Edgar are making a feature of ensembles in which this conceit is featured. The one in the centre of the page is a study in lovely wine shades. The dress of marocain is 70s. It has a fagot-stitched yoke, with becoming fullness above the waist. The sleeves are short and the sash is blue. The coat is 5½ guineas, enriched with fur. It looks as well arranged edge-to-edge as when wrapped over.



Evening Frocks.

Satin as soft as the petal of a rose is used by the great dressmakers for evening dresses, some enriched with embroidery and some innocent of it. It is satin of an exquisite moonlight-blue shade that Swan and Edgar have chosen for the frock above. The corsage is embroidered with sequins and beads; an important feature is the pointed empiement in front—some believe it to be the harbinger of the Swiss peasant belt. The price, it must be stated, is 5½ guineas.

Fur Trims Hats and Coats.

There is much to please in the ensemble below, the coat and dress being 6½ guineas each. The former is of a bouclé fabric trimmed with Indian lamb to match the hat, while the striped dress is a happy mingling of grey, black and red shades. They are most attractive. No one must leave these salons without visiting the millinery department, as the needs of every woman have been considered. A witness to this fact is the catalogue.



Travel Light

and travel right with this

WARDROBE CASE

Airlight and amazingly compact, this 'Pakswell' case holds six to eight frocks without creasing them and still has plenty of room for lingerie and shoes. Completely practical for all travel purposes, with detachable wardrobe fitting. Side and back pockets for oddments.

Size 22 x 18 x 9 ins. The attractive Blue or Brown Rexine covering and Moiré Rayon lining is exclusive to Harrods. Price **4** GNS.

Other models at £6.6.0 and £6.15.0
In Raw Hide £8.8.0

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in Floor Coverings for refined Homes has been attained in

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"NEW WEAVE" CARPETS which are now on sale in a variety of new and pleasing shades, expressly produced for use with the latest **AUTUMN FURNISHINGS**

These are woven seamless and can be supplied in practically any size.

A few sizes and prices are:

ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.															
9	0	×	9	0	..	£6	19	6		12	0	×	9	0	..	£9	6	0		13	6	×	10	6	..	£12	4	6
10	6	×	7	6	..	£6	15	6		12	0	×	10	6	..	£10	17	6		13	6	×	12	0	..	£13	19	0
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Another of Hamptons new productions is their

MODERN TEXTURE CARPET

in the latest and most pleasing colours:

These are woven seamless and, having a close and unusually deep pile, their appearance is very similar to that of a costly hand-woven carpet. A few typical sizes and prices are as follows.

ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.		ft.	ins.						
10	6	×	7	6	..	£	9	10	6		12	0	×	9	0	..	£	13	1	6		13	6	×	10	6	..	£	17	2	6
10	6	×	9	0	..	£	11	8	6		12	0	×	10	6	..	£	15	4	6		15	0	×	12	0	..	£	21	15	0
											13	6	×	9	0	..	£	14	13	6											

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT is surprising, considering how great an advance has been made in the general design and performance of the modern motor-carriage, that the present Motor Exhibition at Earls Court, which closes this Saturday, should have so many novelties to interest the automobile world. The Hillman Stand, No. 132, stages the "Ghost Minx" in polychromatic blue, a dove-grey "Minx" saloon-de-luxe, a silver-grey "Minx" touring saloon, a royal blue "Minx" safety saloon and a "Minx" drophead coupé in aero blue as a sort of pendant to its larger neighbour at the Humber Stand. There are also displayed a Hillman "Fourteen" saloon-de-luxe with burgundy-coloured panels, and a "Fourteen" "Safety" saloon in black. I might explain that both these "Safety" saloons are a slightly cheaper edition of the saloon-de-luxe as visitors can note in the equipment. But all the prices for the Hillman cars are reduced and the safety "Minx" saloon at £163 is a good bargain for such a dependable, roomy car.

Technical motorists can see that an improvement has been made in the valves of the engine, now built of Valmax steel, and that they are more effectively cooled by a change in the arrangement of the circulating water. A new carburettor also improves the economy in fuel, while giving greater power to the engine, and so brightening the road performance.

After its astounding performance at the Crystal Palace track recently, the new Humber "Super Snipe" sports saloon is the central attraction of the Humber Stand, No. 133, and its aero-blue panels certainly aid the public in distinguishing this "gearless" car from the other Humber models staged with it. A full range of Humber improved cars are staged, from the black 27-h.p. six-cylinder lordly "Pullman" limousine to the silver-grey 17-h.p. Humber "Sixteen" saloon, with examples of the 27-h.p. "Imperial" saloon in maroon and the "Imperial" sports saloon with its beige panels. There is also a very nice Humber "Snipe" 20.9-h.p. saloon in royal blue. British motorists need never seek to buy foreign cars with these Humbers ready with a top-gear performance that no other motor can better. They are fast, comfortable carriages for general use in town and country, with admirable acceleration and nicely appointed.

Visitors inspecting the Alvis Stand, No. 134, at Earls Court will agree with this firm's motto: "Performance and grace with comfort and space," as the cars are nice to look at and have a high road performance, giving their occupants luxurious comfort with their well-designed coachwork.

The 4.3-litre 31.48-h.p. six-cylinder four-door saloon, finished in light grey "jewel-essence" shining enamel with red upholstery, looks worth every penny of its price of £995, with its distinctive lines and no running-boards. Eight cars in all are

displayed, and it is difficult to separate them in their good looks, as all have their own attractions. The new "Speed Twenty-five" six-cylinder 25.63-h.p. has not been increased in price; and the light green saloon, with its fawn cushions, deep Dunlopillo seating and driver's seat, is particularly well equipped for comfort. The "Crested

gadgets and safety devices, besides comfortable seating for all its occupants.

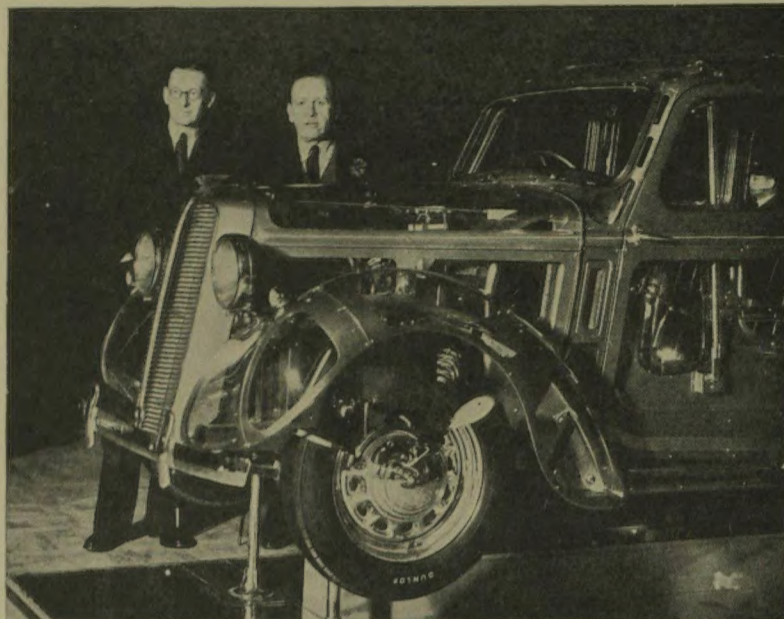
As might be expected, the new 2.6-litre M.G. saloon in metallic grey and the black 2.6-litre coupé are attracting much attention from visitors to Stand No. 131 at Earls Court. This 2.6-litre M.G. is a larger edition of the popular 2-litre M.G. Its six-cylinder push-rod-operated overhead-valve engine is rated at 19.8 h.p., with twin carburettors and a high acceleration. This engine is also staged alone,

so its details can be examined. The stand houses, too, a nice maroon saloon; a pretty 1½-litre light grey saloon; a four-seater open 1½-litre in duo-green, with biscuit-coloured leather upholstery for the seats; and an M.G. "Midget" two-seater in its familiar red paintwork. A nice collection of real sports cars, yet the saloons are equally as comfortable to travel in as much larger and slower cars. And M.G. cars to-day are being bought by family men, who use them as family cars, but like an engine that is immediately responsive to the opening of the throttle, although they may never attempt to reach extravagant high speeds on the open road. The exhibition also includes a sectional 1½-litre M.G. chassis, shown working, so visitors can see how its various parts do their job.

Stand No. 105 is occupied by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., part of Messrs. Rootes' organisation, so that it contains quite a varied assortment of high-class cars fitted with this firm's tasteful coachwork. There is a Rolls-Royce six- or seven-passenger enclosed-drive limousine, a dignified carriage with its black panels and highly polished Circassian walnut interior fittings. A Continental touring Sunbeam Talbot sedanca saloon has the widest possible range of vision provided for all occupants and a most attractive Humber pullman sedanca de ville makes an admirable town or touring car, designed for either an owner-driver or for a chauffeur at its wheel. The front compartment is fitted with the Thrupp and Maberly patented sliding de-ville roof. The centre portion is made to slide out of sight and the arms fold away, giving the car a very smart appearance when the front is open. The extension may also be used as a sun roof.

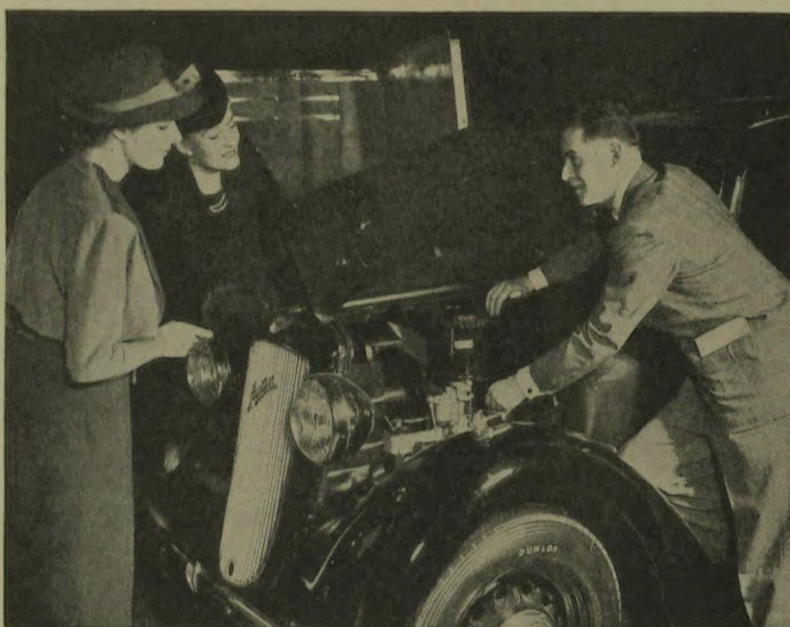
A fine example of this coachbuilder's craftsmanship is also staged on the Lagonda Stand, No. 157, on the twelve-cylinder 42-h.p. chassis, an enclosed limousine built to carry seven persons. The new flowing moulding treatment of the body design, a special chromium-plated luggage grid, housed in the back panel when not-in use, and helmet type of wings with long swept running-boards make it a very distinctive carriage.

Lord Nuffield was very pleased to see the great interest taken by the public in the new 8-h.p. Morris car with its four-speed gear-box, styled "Series E.", to distinguish it from the earlier "Eight," and told me that he considered that the crisis was over and industry would go ahead and even exceed former prosperity within the near future. Well, he has certainly given the public a large car in this new "Eight" for a small sum of money.



EXAMINING AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT MR. R. C. ROOTES (LEFT) AND MR. W. E. ROOTES WITH A "TRANSPARENT" HILLMAN "MINX."

Eagle" 25-h.p. black saloon, which offers an alternative 20-h.p. engine, is designed as an exclusive town carriage and is a smaller edition of the "Crested Eagle" 25-h.p. limousine in black, also staged, full of



PROVIDING HIGH PERFORMANCE WITH ECONOMY: THE ALUMINIUM-HEAD ENGINE OF THE AUSTIN "TEN," WHICH GIVES OVER 60 M.P.H. AND 40 M.P.G., PROVING A SOURCE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN VISITORS ON THE AUSTIN STAND AT THE MOTOR SHOW.



TENOVA SOCKS never let you down



Tenova socks stay up under their own power. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, adjusts itself instantly to your leg, supports the socks gently but firmly all through the day—and goes to the laundry with them. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. Black Silk for evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

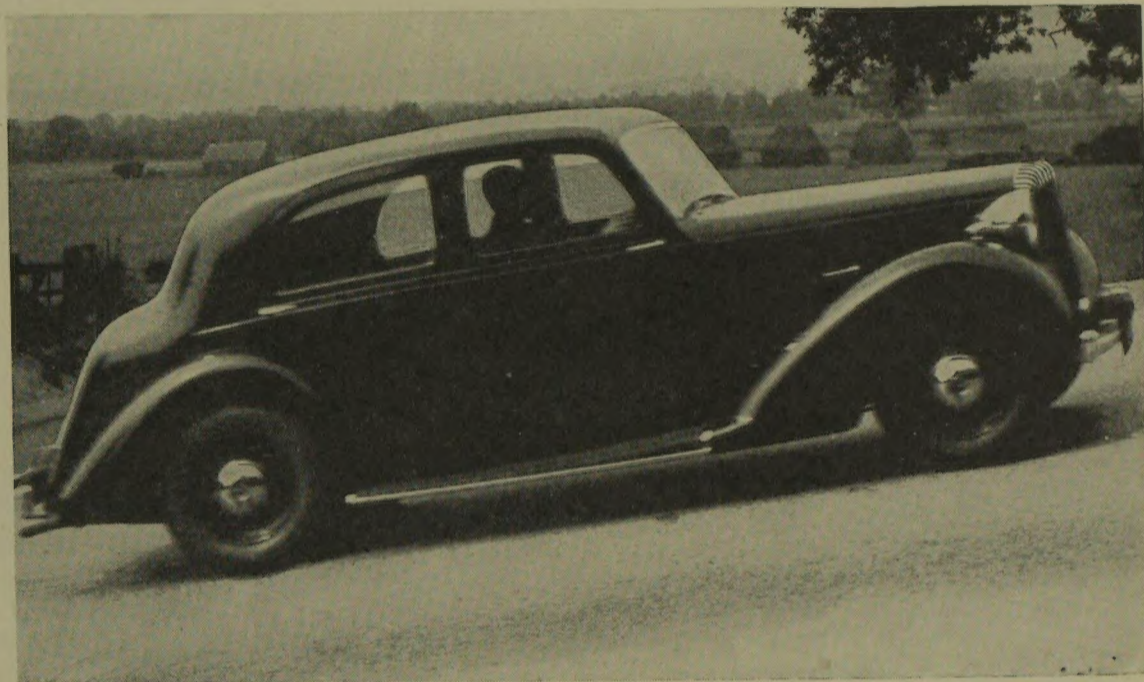
TENOVA self-supporting socks

Reg. Trade Mark 506265. Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

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NEW LIVELIER ENGINE FOR DAIMLER 'FIFTEEN'

High
performance
unchanged
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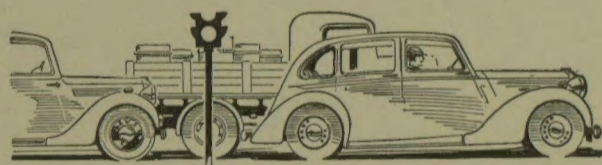


Again the most interesting car of the year

From now onwards the Daimler 'Fifteen' takes the road with a newly designed, more powerful engine.

The Daimler 'Fifteen' has already earned the reputation of being a joy to handle—a car that brought new interest and fresh pleasure to driving. There is greater pleasure still to be had in handling its successor. The comfort, silence, roadholding, steering and cornering for which the Daimler 'Fifteen' is famous are enjoyed to the full in a far more spirited car. The new Daimler 2½ litre is as silent, as tractable as its forerunner—but faster off the mark. As well mannered and easily controlled—but, through the whole of its very wide speed range, more generously responsive to the throttle.

The difference of driving a Daimler



ORDINARY CAR CONTROL—Traffic line stops . . . driver brakes and declutches . . . stops . . . puts gear lever into neutral, lets up clutch . . . declutches, puts gear lever into first, eases up clutch, accelerates engine, moves off . . . Traffic line stops again . . .

DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL—Daimler drifting silently through the traffic in second . . . traffic line stops . . . driver brakes . . . Daimler stops with the engine idling in gear . . . Daimler Fluid Flywheel has substituted one operation for four . . . Traffic line moves . . . Daimler driver accelerates the engine—Fluid Flywheel smoothly takes up the drive—Daimler moves forward again, still in second—again one operation instead of four . . .

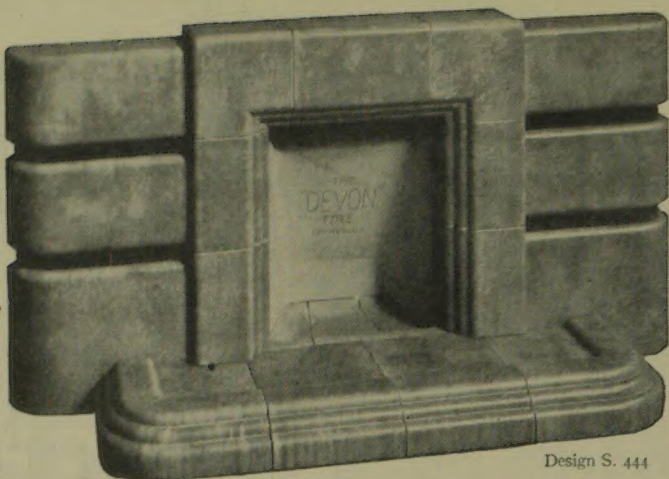
THE NEW Daimler 'FIFTEEN'

- Independent front wheel springing
 - Anti-roll control bars front and rear
 - Inter-axle seating. Positive steering
 - Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox
- (Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

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SPORTS SALOON or
SIX-LIGHT SALOON **£485**

British Cars Last Longer



Design S. 444

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WHEN WE MADE THIS **FAIENCE** FIRE

Using faience, we designed a handsome fire. One that would be good-looking in itself and, at the same time, so simple, so 'timelessly' beautiful, that it would be in harmony with any good modern interior. The faience surround is built around one of the Devon granitic clay firebowls. Official tests have proved that a Devon Fire may cut your coal-bill by as much as 25%. Remember this when you come to buying a fire. There are certainly cheaper fires than Devon Fires. But Devon Fires will return their first cost to you.

"THE DEVON FIRE"

Write for catalogue and name of nearest stockist to Candy & Co., Ltd., Dept. J, at Heathfield, Newton Abbot, Devon, or at 60, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1

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Always ask for
**RIGA
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THE ORIGINAL FROM
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Obtainable from all leading Hotels,
Restaurants and Wine Merchants

TAKE NO CHANCES with a ½ way Dentifrice

Do this
**FOR DULL TEETH
TONIGHT**



TO MAKE teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhans in the usual manner.
2. **Massage gums** briskly with half-

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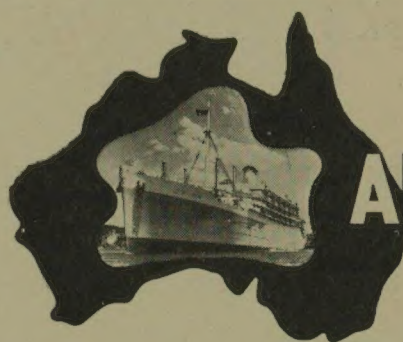
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1938.



THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR—FOUGHT ON OCTOBER 21, 133 YEARS AGO: NELSON—AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE EXQUISITE WAX RELIEF FROM LIFE, BY CATHERINE ANDRAS. (ACTUAL HEIGHT OF ORIGINAL, 2½ INCHES.)

In connection with the 133rd anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar (fought on October 21, 1805) we give some illustrations of unusual interest relating to Nelson and the "Victory" on this and the two next pages in this number. The little wax relief, of which we show an enlargement above, was the work of Miss Catherine Andras, "Modeller in Wax to Queen Charlotte," who also made the famous wax effigy of Nelson preserved in Westminster Abbey. This effigy, we may recall, was illustrated, along with details of its costume, on a double-

page in our issue of June 15, 1935, on the occasion of its being returned to the Abbey after being cleaned at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The original mould from which the little relief shown here was made is in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. Its exquisite delicacy is well brought out by this enlarged photograph. Miss Andras lived for several years at the Court of George III. She was a pupil of James Tassie, and her work resembles his. Her father was a Bristol man, and received the freedom of that city.

NELSON'S BATTLES: NEW NATIONAL TREASURES EXHIBITED AT GREENWICH.

FROM OIL PAINTINGS BY NICHOLAS POCOCC (1741-1821), ENGRAVED TO ILLUSTRATE CLARKE AND MCARTHUR'S "LIFE OF NELSON" (1809), AND RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES.



1. THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST 1, 1798: ABOUKIR BAY WITH ALEXANDRIA IN THE DISTANCE; THE ENGLISH SQUADRON, IN FULL SAIL, STEERING FOR THE EXTREME LEFT WING OF THE FRENCH LINE; NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, "VANGUARD," WITH JURY FOREMAST, SEEN IN THE CENTRE OF THE ENGLISH LINE.



2. THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2, 1801: THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK BY TWELVE SAIL OF THE LINE AND SMALLER VESSELS PLACED BY ADMIRAL SIR HYDE PARKER UNDER THE COMMAND OF NELSON, WHOSE FLAGSHIP, "ELEPHANT," IS THE EIGHTH SHIP FROM THE RIGHT.



3. THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797: NELSON'S SHIP, THE "CAPTAIN" (LEFT), WITH FORETOPMAST SHOT AWAY, LUFFED ALONGSIDE THE "SAN NICHOLAS," WHICH WAS CARRIED BY BOARDING AND USED AS A BRIDGE TO THE LARGE FIRST-RATE "SAN JOSEF," WITH WHOM SHE WAS ENTANGLED.



4. SHIPS IN WHICH NELSON SERVED DRYING SAILS AT SPITHEAD: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE "AGAMEMNON," "VANGUARD" (HIS FLAGSHIP AT THE NILE), "ELEPHANT" (HIS FLAGSHIP AT COPENHAGEN), "CAPTAIN" (AT ST. VINCENT), AND "VICTORY," WITH HIS FLAG AS VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE AT THE FORE.



5. THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805: THE COMMENCEMENT—THE ENGLISH FLEET BEARING DOWN IN TWO COLUMNS ON THE COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN, THE NEARER OF THE TWO COLUMNS BEING LED BY THE "VICTORY" (SEEN COMING ROUND THE STERN OF THE "BUCENTAURE," VILLENEUVE'S FLAGSHIP, AFTER BREAKING THE FRENCH LINE).



6. TRAFALGAR: THE END OF THE BATTLE—SHOWING THE "VICTORY" (CENTRE), WITH THE SIGNAL FOR "CLOSER ACTION!" STILL FLYING, WITH THE "BUCENTAURE," WHICH HAD SURRENDERED, ON HER PORT SIDE, AND (A LITTLE ASTERN) THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" (ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD'S SHIP) ALONGSIDE THE DISMASTED "SANTA ANNA" (THE SPANISH FLAGSHIP).

These paintings, never before shown to the public, were recently acquired by the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich and included in their Nelson Day Exhibition opened on October 21, the 133rd anniversary of the battle. Until lately they belonged to the Duke of Brontë, bearer of a title conferred on Nelson, after the Battle of the Nile, by the King of Naples. The pictures were specially painted by Nicholas Pocock, between 1806 and 1808, as illustrations to Clarke and McArthur's monumental "Life of Nelson," and originally belonged to John McArthur, joint author, who had them engraved for the work by J. Fittler and others. Southey's "Life of Nelson" began as a review of Clarke and McArthur's work. Figs. 1 and 2 were in the Royal Academy in 1807. The following details may be added to the above titles: (1) Nelson's squadron in Aboukir Bay is hauling up to take station on either side of the French line, in the centre of which is the "Orient," the ill-fated flagship. The leading English ship, "Goliath," is seen just coming round the

foremost French ship. (2) The English squadron at Copenhagen is anchored by the stern, with topsails clewed up. The fifth ship from right is the "Defiance," flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Graves, Nelson's second-in-command. (3) When the "Captain" at the battle of St. Vincent had her foretopmast shot away, Nelson luffed his ship alongside the "San Nicholas," carried her by boarding, and then crossed over her to the "San Josef." Nelson's whole "bridging" scheme occupied only about fifteen minutes. (5) The enemy line at Trafalgar, converging to leeward and lying to, on the port tack, is shown stretching away almost at right angles to the spectator. The further English column, led by Vice-Admiral Collingwood, engaged first between 11 and 12 o'clock. The moment here depicted is 12.15, when both columns had engaged. (6) Here Collingwood's ship, "Royal Sovereign," has lost her main and mizzen masts. In the distance are retreating French ships with all sails set, while the "Minotaur" and "Spartiate" try to prevent their escape.

NELSON'S TRAFALGAR FLAGSHIP 133 YEARS AGO: THE "VICTORY" TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE CENTRE OF THE CELEBRATIONS ON TRAFALGAR DAY, OCTOBER 21: H.M.S. "VICTORY," BRITAIN'S PROUDEST SHIP, IN HER HONOURED RESTING-PLACE AT PORTSMOUTH, RESTORED TO HER CONDITION AND ASPECT OF 1805.

H.M.S. "Victory," the historic ship in which Nelson fought and died at Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805, was built at Chatham Dockyard and launched on May 7, 1765. She remained inactive for thirteen years of peace. Then, in 1778, she was sent to Portsmouth to hoist the flag of Admiral Keppel in the Channel Fleet. After that she was on practically continuous active service until 1812, when her fighting career terminated. At various times she was a guardship, prison hulk, hospital ship, and signal school. Restored to her Trafalgar state, she is now permanently berthed in

No. 2 Dock at Portsmouth—the oldest dry dock in the world—where every year thousands of visitors pay homage to her and to the immortal memory of Nelson. The "Victory" fought in many naval actions besides Trafalgar. In 1797 she was in the battle of St. Vincent, and joined in the blockade of Cadiz. She became Nelson's flagship in 1803. In 1805, before Trafalgar, she was at the blockade of Toulon, and joined in the pursuit of a French fleet to the West Indies and back. In 1809 she brought home part of Sir John Moore's army from Corunna.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE late crisis—now happily defunct—produced so many wonders and in such swift succession, that one has scarcely realised a good many of them yet. It is hard to say which was the most surprising: for instance, these very ears heard irascible gentlemen of non-military age, but more than military fierceness, talking angrily about "Huns," just as their predecessors used to do in the good old days of Ypres and the Somme. Then there were the enthusiastic travellers, anxious to move to anywhere but the place where they already were: I am told that a school in Kent and a school in Surrey each solemnly agreed to evacuate itself for the sake of security into each other's premises! Nor must one forget the sensation felt on first gazing into the glass and seeing the reflection of one's gas-mask. One old lady in a village I know, now past her three score years and ten by at least another score, was so alarmed on being presented with hers that she burst into tears and, refusing all consolation, wept continuously until, three days later, she was led to the wireless to hear Mr. Chamberlain broadcast on his return from Munich. It transpired that she had never acquired the habit of reading the daily paper, and, being somewhat hard of hearing, had heard nothing of the crisis from her neighbours. The appearance of the local A.R.P. wardens with their fearful-looking gifts was her first intimation of the course of events on a continent she had never visited. Under the circumstances, her tears seem to have been a not wholly unreasonable commentary on matters terrestrial.

But I am inclined to think that the most astonishing of all the phenomena of the great world war-to-end-war-that-didn't-happen was the scheme which the powers—that-were and still-are hatched out of some dusty Whitehall pigeon-hole and announced on the evening of Sept. 30, for evacuating the adult population of London and establishing it somewhere else. Owing to the fact that the details of this grandiose plan were delivered to us over the air at a time when we had no ears for anything save news of the Munich Agreement, then hourly expected, it was greeted with little comment. Indeed, the ordinary Englishman, with his genius for ignoring everything except the immediately practicable, seems to have treated it as a purely academic exercise, having no relation to his own life as he would now, thanks to Mr. Chamberlain, be free once more to live it. It did not therefore strike him as being of any importance. This is a pity, for it happens to be one of the most astonishing and significant documents of our time. It amounts to little less than a constitutional and social revolution, whose principles, once applied, would transform the whole nature of British life and practice. And, what is more, its provisions remain in force, to be applied whenever it shall be thought fit.

If my memory serves me right, its terms were these. Everybody living in London, irrespective of age, sex, creed or nationality, could, on zero hour being declared by the Home Office, proceed to the nearest railway station and be granted free transport to a region of reputed safety at a distance of between thirty and fifty miles from London. Here he or she would be forcibly billeted in any house approved by the billeting officer. The home of everybody living

in this area would be at the disposal of the incomers, who would be allowed the free use of the kitchen, and would be permanently quartered there to the tune of one Londoner for every habitable room in the house, quite irrespective of the size of the rooms. In well-to-do houses with large rooms and ample

life for his country. In the next he is to be forced to give his home, which for most simple folk is the cradle and fountain of patriotism and all civic virtue.

It is, of course, right and proper that every facility possible should be afforded to Londoners to escape the horrors of aerial bombardment. And it is right and proper that in a national emergency one section of the population should lend a hand to help another. But for every good, there is some price to be paid, and in politics, as in commerce and every other human activity, the question to be asked always is whether the price is commensurate with the benefit obtainable, and whether the same benefit might not be had in a less expensive way. And that is precisely the question that our over-centralised, over-specialised bureaucracy never does ask. The most desirable object in the world can cost too much: it can sometimes be ruinous. Those who administer A.R.P., like those who administer national transport or national housing, are employed only for one object: to achieve a certain highly specialised end. They are not expected to consider the cost. The sole concern of the A.R.P. authorities was to give the maximum degree of protection by flight (as opposed to protection by fight—possibly a better method, but the concern of some other public body) to every Londoner. To that end they were vested—by whom it is not quite clear—with unlimited powers affecting the lives, liberties and happiness ultimately of every citizen of the country—powers as great as those of any dictator. What damage they might do to other national interests in the process of carrying out their instructions never entered their calculations. They are not to be blamed for doing what they were told.

In this case the price asked of the subject seems almost as high as an Englishman can be called upon to pay, if there is any reality in our traditional idea of liberty (and if there is not, why not hand over the governance of the realm at once to the efficient despotism of some alien and Hitlerite Dictator?). If liberty does not mean liberty of the individual, it does not mean anything at all. And if a man cannot have liberty within the walls of his own house, he can look for it nowhere else. In the case in question, without the matter ever being debated in Parliament, the Englishman is commanded to place his house and virtually the health of his family and the security of his goods in the hands of strangers to whom he knows nothing, and whose principles, habits and behaviour may be repugnant to him. For the scheme, it should be remembered, is not confined to children, to women or to the aged. Nor is it comparable to the billeting of soldiers who are under discipline and who therefore, though possibly inconvenient, can never be destructive guests to their own countrymen. To make room for this enforced army of strangers the householder is denied all choice as to whom he may have in his own house and is even forbidden to shelter his nearest and dearest. Thus, in one village, a widow of nearly eighty was denied leave to give a refuge to her own daughter! The bonds of blood weighed nothing compared with the abstract dictates of distant authority. To excuse such an arbitrary exercise of power on the ground that it is designed for a good end is merely to do what every apologist of tyranny has done since the world began.



THE DEATH OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE DOMINIONS: LORD STANLEY, ELDER SON OF THE EARL OF DERBY; WITH LADY STANLEY.

Lord Stanley, elder son and heir of the Earl of Derby, who was appointed Secretary of State for the Dominions in May this year, died on October 16 at the age of forty-four. Recently he visited Canada to open the Toronto Exhibition. He was M.P. (Conservative) for the Abercromby Division of Liverpool from 1917 to 1918; and he represented the Fylde Division of Lancashire from 1922. He was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Dominions Office in 1935; and Parliamentary and Financial Secretary, Admiralty, for two periods—from 1931 to 1935 and from 1935 to 1937. He became Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party in 1927 and served until 1929. He was chairman of the Junior Imperial League from 1927 to 1933 and had been President since the latter date. In 1937 he was appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, India Office and Burma Office. Lord Stanley served in the Great War from 1914 to 1918 and was Adjutant of the Household Battalion from 1916 to 1917. In 1918 he served as a Brigade-Major. (*Wide World*.)

staffs this might entail no great hardship. But in smaller houses it would mean a virtual confiscation of all the ordinary amenities of domestic life. In the last war the Englishman was asked to give his

BRITAIN'S PORT IN CHINA MENACED WITH ISOLATION: HONG KONG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "SCREEN TRAVELER"; SUPPLIED BY GENDREAU.



A GREAT BRITISH NAVAL AND COMMERCIAL BASE, AND CHINA'S LAST LINK WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD FOR THE IMPORT OF WAR SUPPLIES: HONG KONG—A VIEW FROM VICTORIA PEAK TOWARDS THE MAINLAND, ACROSS THE CITY AND THE MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR, FREQUENTED BY SHIPS OF ALL NATIONS.

HONG KONG has come into the forefront of public attention through the Japanese invasion of South China, which seriously affects British interests in the Far East. Chinese refugees from the war zone have poured into British territory, and British troops have been sent from Singapore to help in maintaining order. The moment is opportune, therefore, to publish the photographs of Hong Kong given on this and the two succeeding pages, secured through the good offices of "The National Geographic Magazine" of Washington. The present situation was discussed recently by Mr. R. T. Barrett, formerly editor of the "Hong Kong Daily Press," in an article from which we condense a few salient passages. Writing in the "Daily Telegraph," he said: "Japan's new expedition aims at isolating Hong Kong, the British port through which China has maintained her last seaward connection with the outside world. Hong Kong proper is a small, mountainous island in

[Continued overleaf.]



THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, WHICH BY THE JAPANESE INVASION OF SOUTH CHINA WAS CUT OFF FROM COMMUNICATION WITH CANTON: A VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR; SHOWING (TO LEFT OF THE CHINESE JUNK) THE HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK.

ORIENTAL GLAMOUR IN A MENACED BRITISH COLONY: LIFE IN THE TEEMING CHINESE QUARTER OF HONG KONG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "SCREEN TRAVELER"; SUPPLIED BY GENDREAU.



A PICTURESQUE MEDLEY OF EASTERN TYPES AND COSTUMES AND SHOP-SIGNS IN BOTH THE ENGLISH AND CHINESE LANGUAGES: A VISTA ALONG A BUSY HILLSIDE STREET IN HONG KONG'S CHINESE QUARTER.



THE NATIVE ELEMENT IN THE SHIPPING OF HONG KONG: A CHINESE CRAFT WITH A RELATIVELY ENORMOUS SAIL, HEAVILY PATCHED, BESIDE THE QUAY AT KOWLOON—A CONTRAST TO THE TRIM STEAMER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



WHERE MOTOR-VEHICLES ARE FORBIDDEN (SEE THE BILINGUAL NOTICE-BOARD, EXTREME LEFT): A NARROW, CROWDED STREET IN THE NATIVE SETTLEMENT AT HONG KONG, SHOWING TYPICAL CHINESE PEDESTRIANS AND HAND-TRANSPORT.



FEMININE FASHIONS IN A TRANSITION STAGE AT HONG KONG: A MODERN CHINESE GIRL PASSING A COOLIE IN THE NOTED FLOWER MARKET OF WYNDHAM STREET, NEAR THE EUROPEAN BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE CITY.

Continued.

the mouth of the Canton River. . . . The river is shallow, and only coasting steamers can reach Canton, 70 miles distant. . . . Kowloon, on the mainland shore of [Hong Kong] harbour, is the terminus of the much-bombed Canton-Kowloon railway, which is now linked through to Hankow and forms the main line of communications of the Chinese armies defending that city. There is also a large airport

at Kowloon. . . . Since the outbreak of hostilities with Japan it is through Hong Kong that China has been drawing the bulk of her war supplies and carrying on her export trade. As Japan is not officially at war with China, she does not enjoy belligerent rights. . . . The Navy Office of Tokyo has long been urging either a declaration of war or an expedition against South China. . . . The present expedition

(Continued opposite.)

ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST COLONISING ACHIEVEMENTS:

HONG KONG—A MEETING-PLACE OF EAST AND WEST AND COSMOPOLITAN CO-OPERATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "SCREEN TRAVELER"; SUPPLIED BY GENDREAU.



THE CHIEF CENTRE OF BRITISH SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ISLAND COLONY OF THE FAR EAST: THE HONG KONG CLUB AT HONG KONG—A COSMOPOLITAN CITY REMARKABLE FOR GOODWILL AMONG PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONALITIES.



THE TERMINUS OF THE KOWLOON-CANTON RAILWAY, MUCH BOMBED (INLAND) BY THE JAPANESE: A VIEW FROM KOWLOON, A SUBURB OF HONG KONG ON THE MAINLAND SHORE OF THE HARBOUR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ISLAND CITY.



A CENTRE OF BRITISH FINANCE IN ASIA SINCE 1864: THE MODERN BUILDING OF THE HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK (COMPLETED IN 1935), DWARFING THE QUEEN VICTORIA MONUMENT, ON THE WATERFRONT OPPOSITE KOWLOON.



WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET: CHINESE WOMEN NEWSVENDORS IN THE STREETS OF HONG KONG SELLING LONDON PAPERS AND EXHIBITING POSTERS RELATING TO HITLER'S POLICY AND TO ITALIAN MANŒUVRES AND NAVAL SHIPBUILDING.

Continued.

aims at throwing a cordon round Hong Kong and blocking both rail and river traffic. It seeks to reduce Hong Kong from one of the greatest ports of the world to its original status of an isolated island. . . . Not only is it the British naval and commercial base in China, but it is in itself one of the greatest achievements of the British race. It has been, like Shanghai, the meeting-place of China and the

West. . . . Chinese have settled there to the number of a million, and have evolved a new civilisation which has been copied in Canton and is the model for urban reconstruction all over South China. The place is well administered and is notable for real friendship between peoples of all nations." Our photographs show the great harbour, the modernity of the British city, and the picturesque Chinese quarter.

A GAY AND GALLANT BOOK.

"LAUGHING DIPLOMAT": By DANIELE VARÈ.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THOSE who have read Signor Varè's "The Maker of Heavenly Trousers" and "The Gate of Happy Sparrows" need not be told how beautifully and amusingly he writes; those who have not may be recommended to rectify the error. Those books sprang from his experiences in Pekin when he was

know well, like the old familiar tunes that John Gay recalled in *Beggar's Opera*. Another indication of his outlook is given in one of his tantalising extracts from "The Handbook of the Perfect Diplomat," which appears to have been published in Italian, but not in English. It runs thus: "Although diplomacy, like Genius, may consist in an infinite capacity for taking pains, we should not commit the error of attributing too much importance to what we do. If a diplomat tells you how hard worked he is, and how rushed, it means only that his Chancellery is not organised so that the Ambassador should not be bothered with things that don't really matter. A diplomat should adopt something of Lord Melbourne's pose and insist on the importance of not being earnest. While the fate of Europe hangs in the balance, the Ambassador's photograph should be in the newspapers talking smilingly to a pretty woman. A captain of an ocean liner must never be called away from dinner in a hurry, lest the passengers be alarmed. So a diplomat should always show a happy, carefree exterior, *et cacher ses angoisses sous un sourire*. Best of all, never allow a political situation to cause you anxiety. Learn, like Marcus Aurelius, to canalise your thoughts. Look forward to a good dinner, to an evening with a pleasant book, to a walk in the Park with the dogs, to half an hour with the children at bed-time, to the sound of her voice in the hall, when she comes back from her outings." There is a mixture here of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies; and the voice, also, of a man, although a diplomat, who simply cannot understand why human beings, with their brief span of life, and so much temporary happiness to organise, will insist on murdering each other because of flags.

He roams, sent by duty, from China to Iceland. He was in at the death of the old China and her old Empress. He dined with Yuan-Shi-Kai: "Later on were duly photographed, with Yuan-Shi-Kai in the middle,

The boiling duck.—The vegetables.—The canned fruit.—The fruit.—The coffee."

"The cake that was made of yellow hen's eggs does not mean that the hens were yellow, but that only the yolks of the eggs were used."

"Yuan-Shi-Kai," says Signor Varè, "makes no mystery of his own conviction that the monarchic régime is the best for China. . . . Another civilisation has passed away, like those of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome."

That, curiously, is the dominant note in the book. Modern communications have brought all kinds of countries into contact with each other which are living in different centuries or even millenniums. Contact with China is like contact with the Catholic Church: you are up against something obdurate and, humanly speaking, eternal.

Signor Varè, after all his multitudinous fun, his roses, his posies, his comic politicians, his charming girls, his moonstruck men of all nations, comes, at last, back to China, which is as old as Egypt: "While in China, I had been writing a *Life of the Dowager Empress Tzu-hsi*. It was first published in Italian with the title *Yehonda*, after which I re-wrote it in English, with some slight modifications. And it was published as *The Last of the Empresses*."

"When I took a copy to offer to Mussolini, he asked me a question that has often been put to me by less exalted personages: 'How long do you suppose that war and unrest will go on in the Far East?'"

"For another hundred, or a hundred and fifty years."

"Such a length of time transcends any possible prescience or political foresight."

"Yes, I suppose that is so."

"Then why do you speak with confidence of a century, or a century and a half of disorder?"

"The fall of a dynasty in China has always been followed by chaos and confusion. Sometimes, such a state of affairs has lasted more than a century. In the present situation there are extraneous factors which make it more difficult to attain political stability."

The Duce shook his head and asked why Signor Varè should have written about the Empress Dowager,



THE AUTHOR OF "LAUGHING DIPLOMAT": SIGNOR DANIELE VARÈ.

In "Laughing Diplomat," Signor Varè, who writes with knowledge, charm, and humour, tells of events, great and small, which he has witnessed during a diplomatic career which, beginning at a dinner-party in pre-war Berlin, took him in both official and unofficial capacities to Vienna, Pekin, Geneva, Rome, London and Copenhagen.

Photograph by Avery Slack, New York.

Italian Minister there; in his new volume he ranges over half the world.

The book is a miscellany, largely in diary form; the author's interests are universal, but he takes nothing too solemnly. A man so widely experienced, who had seen so much knavery and stupidity, calamity and change, might well, given his realistic outlook, have fallen into a cynical and weary disillusionment. There is no touch of that about him. He can face the wicked world and see that there is much in it which is not wickedness; he has a tender heart and a love for simple people; and he combines discretion with a familiar air which suggests frankness carried almost to the extent of schoolboy impudence.

He says in his dedication: "The shelves of our libraries are loaded with books that would teach us all there is to know in international politics. This is not one of them. Do not seek instruction in these pages or the vindication of great causes, or the inner history of our times. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. But my modest memoirs may bring back to you memories of places and of peoples that we both

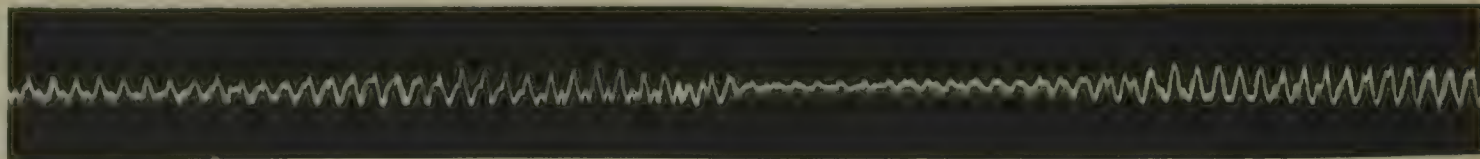
and we were given a banquet. The food and wines were good, but the English wording of the menu was peculiar. Here it is:

"THE BILL OF SUPPER.

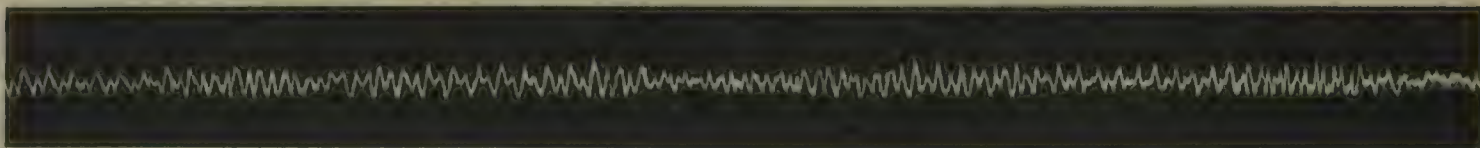
"The food is made of swallow.—The food is made of fine fish.—The food is made of shrimp.—The boiling chickens.—The spinach and fine meat.—The cake is made of yellow hen's eggs.—The boiling fish.—

who was before his time. Signor Varè felt inclined to ask why Signor Mussolini had written about Napoleon, who was before his time. Diplomatically, he shut up.

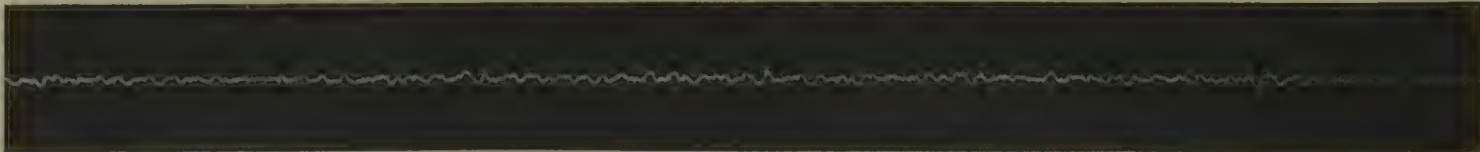
This is an impossible book to review: a transcript of any page of it would be much more readable than anything I can write about it. A gay and gallant book; and let us hope that the thunderstorm won't break on us and obliterate such things.



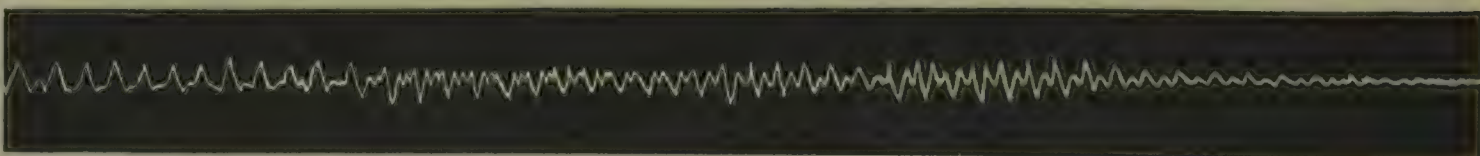
A RECORD OF THE VOICE OF MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, THE PRIME MINISTER—A DEEP AND STEADY TONE.



THE VOICE OF HERR HITLER: EMOTIONAL; AS IS DENOTED BY THE UNEVEN, WAVERING SERIES OF LINES.



RECORDED DURING THE LAUNCH OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": THE VOICE OF H.M. THE QUEEN—SOFT AND WELL MODULATED.



AN EXCITING SERIES OF JAGGED WAVES: THE VOICE OF M. DALADIER, THE FRENCH PREMIER—EAGER AND FULL OF HARMONICS.

AUDIOMETER RECORDS OF THE VOICES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE: PROFESSOR A. M. LOW'S CHARACTER-REVEALING SERIES.

By means of an audiometer, Professor A. M. Low, the technical expert and man of science, records the voices of famous people and photographs the sounds, so that there is a "picture" revealing the characteristics of the speaker. In that of Mr. Chamberlain's voice, the regular and clearly defined waves denote depth and steadiness; while the graph of Herr Hitler's voice, with its uneven, wavering series of lines, is described as "emotional."

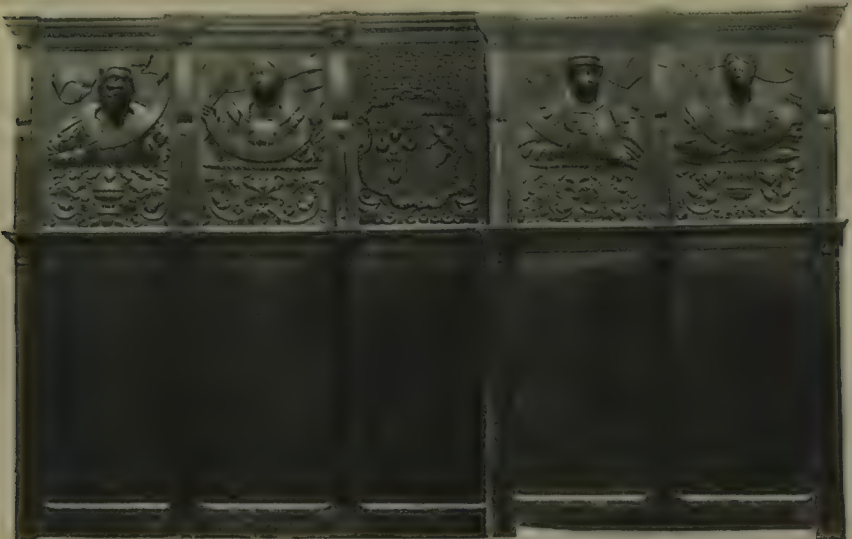
* "Laughing Diplomat." By Daniele Varè. Illustrated. (John Murray; 16s.)

ART MATTERS OF MOMENT: PAINTING AND DESIGN IN TWO CONTINENTS.



CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS: THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON SPEAKING AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL COLUMN.

Southampton Docks celebrated their centenary on October 12. Mr. Holland-Martin, chairman of the Southern Railway (seen on the left of the above photograph), unveiled a column to commemorate the laying of the foundation-stone of the docks in 1838. The first dock was officially opened for traffic in 1843. The water-front was beflagged and every ship, from the "Queen Mary" downwards, dressed. The column, over eight foot high, is surmounted by a bronze sphere. (*Topical.*)



A GREAT TREASURE OF SCOTTISH WOOD-CARVING FOR THE NATION: THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CATHCART PANELS PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND.

The Cathcart panels, until recently at Killochan Castle, Ayrshire, have been purchased by the National Art Collections Fund for presentation to the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland. The four figures in the panels, portrayed in mid-sixteenth-century costume, were once coloured, and probably date from 1530-40—belonging to a class of ornament popular during the reign of James V. It is possible that the portraits represent members of the Cathcart family; the younger man being John Cathcart (*flor.* 1586). The arms are Cathcart impaling Wallace.



PARIS HONOURS THE MEMORY OF QUEEN ASTRID OF THE BELGIANS: A STATUE WHICH WILL GRACE ONE OF THE CITY'S SQUARES.

A memorial to the late Queen Astrid of the Belgians, subscribed for by the public, is to be erected in a Paris square. The monument, by the French sculptor, Raymond Couvignes, shows the Queen receiving a bouquet from a small child. Queen Astrid, it will be recalled, lost her life in 1935 in a motor accident in Switzerland. (*Wide World.*)



UNVEILED BY KING GEORGE OF GREECE IN ATHENS: THE STATUE OF THE LATE KING CONSTANTINE; WITH AEROPLANES, DEMONSTRATING ABOVE.

King George II. of Greece unveiled a statue of his father, King Constantine, in Athens on October 9. King Constantine came to the throne in 1913. At the outbreak of war, in 1914, he declared his personal sympathy with Germany, and a struggle took place between the King and Venizelos. In 1917 Constantine left Greece, leaving his son Alexander on the throne. He returned in 1920, after a plebiscite. Following the disastrous campaign in Asia Minor, the King abdicated in favour of his son George. He died in 1923.



A NEW LINK BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE SCIENTIFICALLY RESTORED COLONIAL TOWN OF WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA: THE PORTRAITS OF RALEIGH AND HIS WIFE PRESENTED TO WILLIAMSBURG BY SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH.

The restoration of Williamsburg, in Virginia, one of the most historic towns in America, was undertaken by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and has been carried out with great thoroughness and accuracy. The town was settled as "Middle Plantation" in 1633. It became the capital of Virginia in 1699 and received its present name in honour of King William III. The College of William and Mary, the oldest academic building in America, was founded in 1693, and its design is linked with the name of Sir Christopher Wren. In the course of the restoration some of the ancient buildings, including the Capitol, have been reconstructed from contemporary data. Sir Harold Harmsworth and Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth presented the two Marc Gheerardts portraits of Raleigh and his wife to Williamsburg last month. Raleigh's name is, of course, for ever linked with Virginia; and his wife was a maid of honour of Queen Elizabeth.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVE WOMAN AS FOOD-PRODUCER: CATERING IN ARNHEM LAND—THE PREPARATION OF CYCAD NUTS.



TREES WHICH PROVIDE THE NATIVES OF ARNHEM LAND, NORTHERN AUSTRALIA, WITH FAR THE GREATEST PART OF THEIR VEGETABLE FOOD: A GROVE OF CYCAD PALMS (*CYCAS MEDIA*) DURING THE RAINY SEASON.



WOMAN'S WORK IN ARNHEM LAND: PREPARING CYCAD FRUIT (CALLED NGATU OR WARRIGA), OF WHICH THE HUSK IS FIRST BROKEN BY A SHARP BLOW OF THE POUNDING-STONE, AND THE KERNEL THEN PULVERISED.



THE NEXT STAGE: GRINDING KERNELS (PULVERISED AND SOAKED IN WATER) INTO WHITE FLOURY PASTE, WHICH IS TIED IN PARCELS OF PAPER BARK AND ROASTED IN HOT ASHES UNDERGROUND, OR FIRST PLACED IN A MESH-BAG AND IMMERSSED IN A LAGOON.



THE FRUIT OF THE CYCAD PALM IN THREE PHASES: (TOP ROW) THE NUTS AS THEY GROW; (MIDDLE ROW) KERNELS REMOVED BY CRACKING THE HUSKS; (THIRD ROW) KERNELS PULVERISED BY POUNDING-STONES.



PULVERISING THE KERNEL OF THE CYCAD FRUIT WITH A POUNDING-STONE ON ANOTHER STONE: ONE STAGE IN THE PREPARATION OF THE NUT FOOD, EVENTUALLY MADE INTO CAKES.



CYCAD PALMS IN FULL BEARING, LOADED WITH IMMATURE NUTS, WHICH FALL AT THE END OF THE DRY SEASON: TREES WHOSE FRUIT IS GATHERED LITERALLY IN TONS.

On these two pages we illustrate further Dr. Donald Thomson's series of articles (in our issues of September 17 and 24 and October 15) describing his remarkable journey of investigation into native life in Arnhem Land, northern Australia. "Contrary to the general belief," he writes, "the most important staple foods of the Australian aborigines are of vegetable, and not of animal, origin. Far the greater part of their diet is vegetable food, which is gathered by the women and prepared by processes which, as seen from the photographs of the preparation of

cakes from water-lily seed and cycad nuts, are extremely specialised. The cycad nut, called *ngatu*, is the most important single vegetable food. The women strike the fruits with a wooden mallet, or a pounding-stone, and the husk is discarded. The kernel, in shape and size like a marble, is crushed with a pounding-stone and placed in a 'dilly bag' generally made of *pandanus* fibre. When it is full, the mouth is laced with string and the whole immersed in a water-hole or lagoon for several days, to leech out the poison it contains. After soaking, the *ngatu*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR DONALD F. THOMSON. COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN AND U.S.A. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

[Continued opposite.]

THE WATER-LILY USED IN CAKE-MAKING: STAGES FROM POOL TO "OVEN."



WHERE THE CHIEF TASK OF WOMEN IS TO GATHER AND PREPARE VEGETABLE FOOD: GIRLS IN A LAGOON IN ARNHEM LAND COLLECTING THE SEED-CAPSULES OF WATER-LILIES FOR MAKING INTO CAKES.



THE WATER-LILY SEED-CAPSULES ARE BROKEN UP AND SIFTED THROUGH THE MESHES OF A FINELY WOVEN "DILLY BAG" TO REMOVE THE WALLS OF THE CAPSULE. THE SEED IS THEN GROUND.



GRINDING THE SIFTED SEED TO A PASTE WITH TWO STONES—A LARGE FLAT "MOTHER" STONE LAID ON THE GROUND, AND A SMALL YOTO, OR "CHILD" STONE, GRIPPED IN ONE HAND SUPPORTED BY THE OTHER.



THREE STAGES OF WATER-LILY SEED CAKES: (LEFT) CAPSULES AS GATHERED; (CENTRE) CAPSULES—INTACT OR BROKEN TO SHOW SEEDS—WITH GRINDING-STONES; (RIGHT) TWO CAKES ROASTED (WRAPPED IN PAPER BARK) IN HOT ASHES.



USED FOR COOKING VEGETABLE FOOD OR THE FLESH OF KANGAROO AND OTHER GAME: AN UNDERGROUND OVEN PILED HIGH WITH BROKEN PIECES OF GIANT ANT-HILLS (SUCH AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED IN OUR LAST ISSUE).

Continued.
is placed on a grinding-stone and ground with a small flat yoto or 'child' stone, to a fine white floury paste. It is then wrapped in paper bark and buried in hot ashes for several hours to cook. When removed from the fire it is quite firm and resembles a flattish loaf or cake of coarse texture. Cakes weighing over 12 lb. or 15 lb. are sometimes made. They will keep for a very long time and are highly nutritious and sustaining." In a note relating to the photographs on this page, Dr. Thomson says: "They illustrate the collection and preparation

of seeds of the water-lily (*Nymphaea*), which are much used for food by the natives throughout northern Australia. In Arnhem Land the water-lily furnishes an important part of the food supply at certain seasons. The tubers may be gathered and eaten after roasting in the ashes of the camp fire, while the seed-capsules are either eaten raw, or after preparation as shown in the photographs." In this process, they are first sifted through a fine-mesh "dilly bag," then ground to a paste and made into cakes, which are cooked in the ashes.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LITTLE OWL: AN "UNDESIRABLE ALIEN."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

FOR some time past a newspaper correspondence has been going on as to the merits, or lack of them, of the Little-owl (Fig. 1). Some writers clamour for its extermination, on the ground that it is a pest, while some hold that it is being greatly maligned, and is really a very charming little bird. But the balance of evidence seems to tell emphatically against it. Among small birds its destructiveness is undoubtedly considerable, and the same is true in regard to game-coverts. Witnesses both for the defence and for the prosecution showed a certain amount of bias, citing as "facts" what were only inferences in defiance of fact; as, for example, where we are told by one witness of "both adults and fledglings being taken from the nests, the victims being disembowelled and the entrails removed, and the other remains being left . . . at the place of the kill, a mere mass of gory pulp"! And, again, he tells us of some young being "regurgitated in the form of a mass of gory pulp." Here, indeed, virtuous indignation and extremely faulty observation have left but a very small modicum of fact in support of his case. When the Little-owl, like all other owls, "regurgitates," it is to eject a tightly packed bolus of feathers, or fur, and bones, and perhaps the elytra of insects, which are all alike indigestible material; and it certainly bears not the remotest resemblance to a "gory mass of pulp"! This attempt to harrow our feelings by no means advances the cause he has at heart.

I have no love for the Little-owl, quite apart from its destructiveness to small birds. For it is an alien, introduced many years ago by lovers of the bird-life of our countryside, who apparently thought that, in making this addition to the number of our native species of owls, they would earn the gratitude of us all. Time and again, and in many parts of the world, the introduction of alien species has been a curse rather than a blessing. The introduction of the grey-squirrel into this country, and our house-sparrow into North America afford good examples.

not closely related to the true eagles, it is yellow, but, be it noted, in the juvenile stage it is brown.

As touching the Little-owl (*Athene noctua*), there is much that is interesting concerning it, especially in relation to other, and yet smaller, "pygmy owls" belonging to the genus *Glaucidium*. The Little-owl,

Large communities in North America occupy the deserted burrows of "prairie dogs," ground-squirrels and badgers, and in South America of the vischaca and armadillos. This gregarious habit has been made possible because small mammals, birds, reptiles and insects are abundant. Raptorial species can rarely live in communities, because the food supply is not sufficiently abundant. Some of my readers may remember the great vole plague many years ago, when the Short-eared owl gathered to the feast in large numbers, and nested quite close together. But they dispersed as soon as the feast was over. Besides the Burrowing-owls there are a few other raptorial species of gregarious habits. One of these is the red-footed falcon (*Erythropus*); another is the South American Everglade kite, or awl-billed kite (*Rostrhamus*). This species is more or less of a swamp-dweller, feeding mainly, if not entirely, on molluscs, such as *Ampullaria*. In the breeding-season as many as twenty or thirty nests may be found quite close together, mere platforms of twigs and plant-stems supported on reeds or bushes a few feet above the water. The American osprey sometimes forms colonies of as many as three hundred pairs, which find an inexhaustible supply of fish to depend on.

Apart from their peculiarities of size and coloration, the owls form a group of quite exceptional interest, for they furnish us with a singularly striking illustration of the effects of adjustment to intensively raptorial habits. The older ornithologists regarded them as forming a group intimately related to the eagle- and hawk-tribe—they were the "diurnal," the owls the "nocturnal," birds of prey. But a closer study of the anatomy of the two groups has shown that they are not even remotely related, for the owls are closely akin to the nightjars and "frog-mouths." The skeleton, muscles and alimentary system show this beyond a peradventure.

The alimentary canal presents a very curious and so far unexplained peculiarity; and this is found in the "blind gut," or *cæcum*. No more than a vestige of this blind sac is found in the eagle- and hawk-tribe, but in the owls it takes the form of two long "Florence-flask"-shaped pouches, such as are found, be it noted, in those allies of the owls, the nightjars. Now these two types—accipitrine and strigine—are both "flesh-eaters." The nightjar-tribe are insect-eaters, and



1. FORMERLY A RARE VISITOR TO OUR SHORES, BUT NOW REGARDED AS AN "UNDESIRABLE ALIEN": THE LITTLE OWL (*ATHENE NOCTUA*).

the bird of Pallas *Athene*, and the emblem of wisdom, compared with these dwarf species is a giant, attaining to a length of 9 inches; while the smallest of the dwarf species are represented by the American Elf-owl of 5½ in., and the still smaller *Glaucidium cobanense*, 5 in. long. It is somewhat surprising that the smallest of these "pygmy owls" should be found in regions so far apart as North America, on the one hand, and Tierra del Fuego, on the other, for they are not migratory species. The smallest owl on our list of British

birds is the Scops owl, wherein the male measures no more than 7½ in. and the female 8 in. It is a migratory species, but only on very rare occasions does it visit our shores. The giants among the owl-tribe are found in the Eagle-owl and the Snowy-owl, which run up to 2 ft. in length; but the Great Lapp owl (*Syrnium lapponicum*) is even larger, measuring up to 2½ ft.

Owls, speaking generally, are a relatively short-legged tribe. The Little-owl comes almost within the scope of the long-legged members, such as the Barn-owl and the Burrowing-owl (*Speotyto*), shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3). The agreement between the two last-named in the matter of their long legs is puzzling, for their mode of life is entirely different, the Barn-owl being a sedentary bird, leaving its retreat only when hunting, and rarely or never resting on the ground, while the Burrowing-owl is entirely terrestrial.

It is worth noting that the Burrowing-owl is unlike all the rest of the owls in that it is gregarious.



2. DWARF-OWLS FROM TIERRA DEL FUEGO: *GLAUCIDIUM NANUM*—A SPECIES ONLY EIGHT INCHES LONG.

The American Elf-owl is a species nearly-related to *Glaucidium nanum*, but is much smaller. The smallest of all is *Glaucidium cobanense*, which is only five inches long. (Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.)

The Little-owl is one of the most diurnal of all our resident owls, and this may help to account for its destructiveness. It is worth noting that it has conspicuously yellow eyes, and this is true of all the owls which hunt by day. The matter of the colour of the eyes as a distinguishing character does not become really noteworthy until we compare them with the dark-brown, or almost black, eyes of the Tawny- and Barn-owls, which are completely nocturnal.

I know of no explanation of these curious differences in the matter of eye-colour, nor can I offer one. They seem to be associated with the effects of light—or the lack of it. The case of the Long-eared owl raises one objection, though not a serious one, to this interpretation. But we must remember that we get like contrasts in eye-colour among the falcons, eagles and hawks—the "diurnal birds of prey," as they used to be called. For in the falcons and eagles and buzzards the iris is dark-brown; in the "hawks" and harriers it is golden-yellow, as in the Sparrow-hawk, for example. In the Sea-eagle (*Haliaeetus*), which is

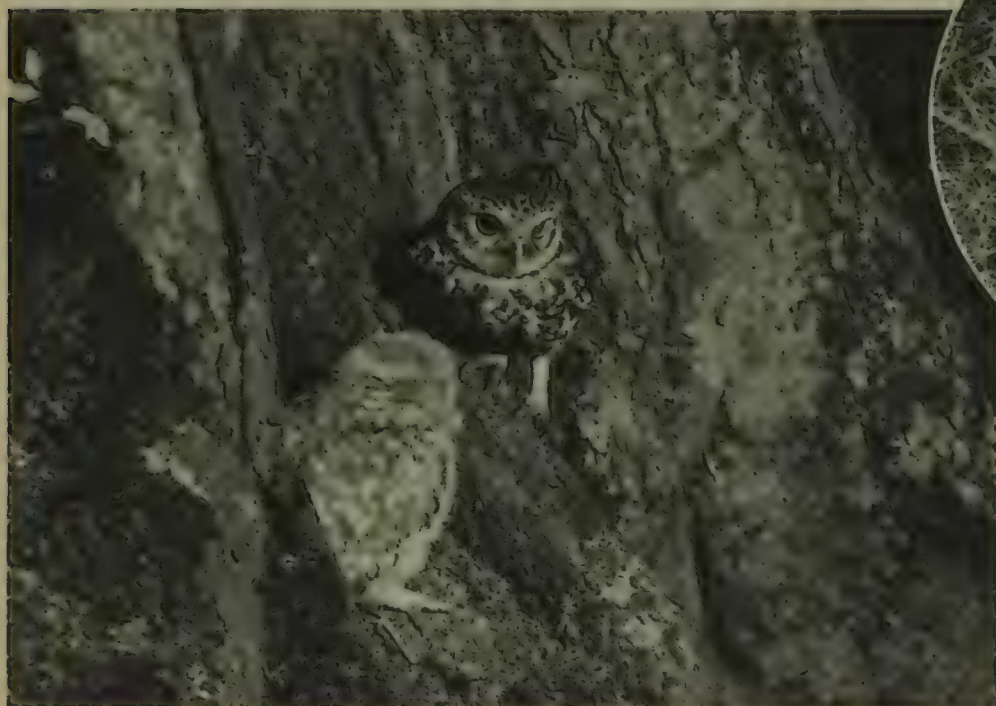


3. A SPECIES WITH LONG LEGS WHICH DIFFERS FROM ALL OTHER OWLS IN BEING ENTIRELY A GROUND-DWELLER: THE BURROWING OWL (*SPEOTYTO*), WHICH LIVES IN THE DESERTED HOLES OF "PRAIRIE-DOGS" AND OTHER BURROWERS. (Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.)

here, we assume, these "flask-shaped" branches of the gut are functional. But the owls have ceased to be insect-eaters, yet they retain them, though they have become flesh-eaters. Are they still functional? If so, why are they not needed in the accipitrines?

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN IN THIS COUNTRY: THE LITTLE-OWL, ITS NESTING-HABITS AND DIET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. A. L. BISSELING AND F. KOOYMANS.



SHOWING THE DILATED PUPILS OF THE ADULT BIRD: A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A LITTLE-OWL, WITH A FLEDGLING EMERGING FROM THE NESTING-HOLE.



THE LITTLE-OWL'S DIET WHEN MICE ARE SCARCE: THE REMAINS OF THREE YOUNG RABBITS AND A WHEATEAR IN A NEST.



EVIDENCE OF THE LITTLE-OWL'S CATHOLIC TASTES: A LARDER CONTAINING FIELD-VOLES, MICE, A SHREW, LIZARDS AND A STARLING'S WING.



A VICTIM OF THE LITTLE-OWL: A YOUNG SONG-THRUSH BROUGHT TO THE NEST AS A MEAL FOR A FLEDGLING—A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



FLEDGLING AND ADULT LITTLE-OWLS: (LEFT) A FLEDGLING SITTING MOTIONLESS ON A SUMMER EVENING—THE CONTRACTION OF THE PUPIL SHOWING THAT IT WAS STILL DAYLIGHT AND (ABOVE) AN ADULT ENTERING ITS NESTING-HOLE AT THE FOOT OF A TREE.

ON "The World of Science" page opposite, Mr. Pycraft discusses some of the habits and characteristics of the Little-Owl (*Athene noctua*) and concludes that, in this country, it has become an "undesirable alien." Here we show a series of photographs of the owl taken in the Netherlands. Our correspondent states: "Though the Little-owl is as much diurnal as nocturnal in its habits, it shows the greatest activity as soon as the sun has set. Then it sallies forth in quest of food for itself and its young, which remain hidden in their nest. In our neighbourhood, the nests are mostly to be found under the roots of some large tree, the only entrance being a small hole through which the birds can only just pass. The usual food of the Little-owl consists largely of mice, but it also eats insects such as grasshoppers, beetles and mole-crickets. I have known them to take thrushes, starlings and many kinds of smaller birds, besides rabbits, lizards, and frogs. Where mice are plentiful, the Little-owls will live almost entirely on them. Failing these, they must necessarily capture other creatures. The range of this owl extends from Holland eastwards to Central Asia, and southwards to North Africa."

SYRIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP OF 2500 B.C.: FURTHER DISCOVERIES

AT BRAK—SEALS, AMULETS, JEWELLERY, TOOLS, WEAPONS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

By M. E. L. MALLOWAN, F.S.A., FIELD DIRECTOR, BRITISH MUSEUM AND BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN IRAQ EXPEDITION TO THE HABUR REGION, NORTH SYRIA.



1. A LEAD AMULET IN THE SHAPE OF A BEARDED BULL, WITH A SUSPENSION LOOP ABOVE THE BACK, FOUND IN A HOUSE. (1'1 in. long.)



3. LIKE SPECIMENS FROM TROY AND A HITTITE SITE IN ASIA MINOR: A SILVER BEAD WITH TUBULAR STEM AND SPIRAL ENDS. (1/4 in. high.)



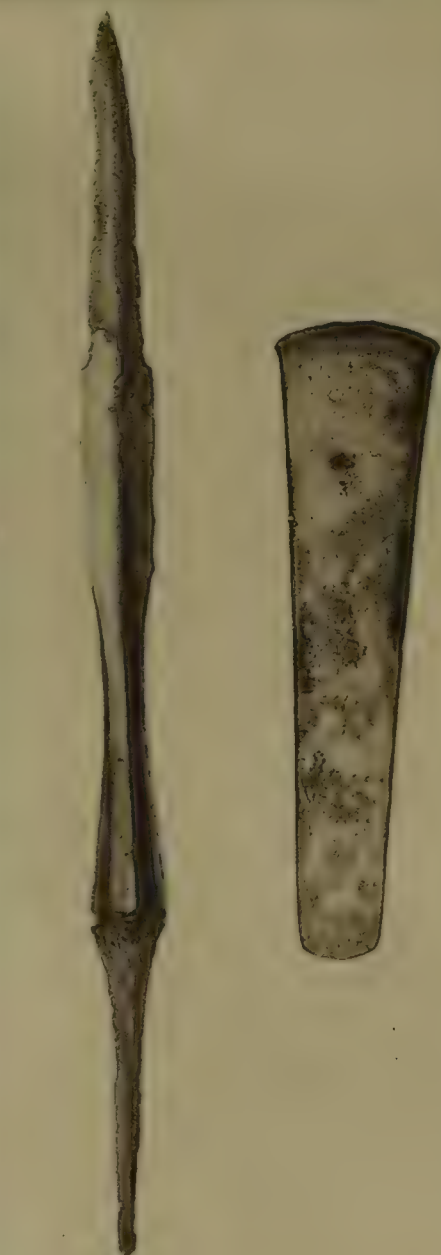
2. WITH BOLD HERALDIC DESIGN OF RAMPANT STAGS AND LIONS AND A SPEAR SURMOUNTED BY A STAR: A HEMATITE CYLINDER-SEAL, WITH ITS IMPRESSION. (0'9 in. high.)



4. A GREEN STONE AMULET: A DOUBLE-HEADED BULL (WITH BEARD TIED AS IN SUMERIAN EXAMPLES FROM UR) LIKE ONE FOUND AT KHAFAJE, NEAR BAGHDAD. (1'8 in. long.)

ON this and the opposite page we give further photographs illustrating the new discoveries in the great mound at Brak, in north-east Syria, described by Mr. M. E. L. Mallowan in our last issue. He found there a palace built about 2500 B.C. by King Naram-Sin, which was afterwards sacked and burnt, probably by local enemies, but was eventually rebuilt and survived till about 2000 B.C. Beneath one wing of the palace was a tower or platform some 500 years older, with a hoard of treasure buried under the foundations. Our

[Continued on right.]



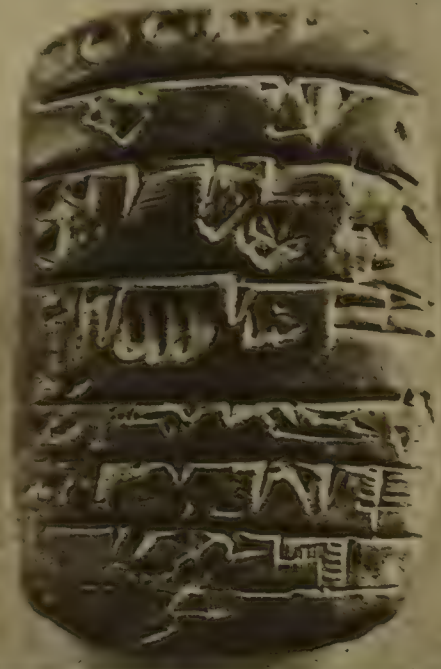
5. A COPPER SPEAR (12 1/2 IN. LONG) IDENTICAL WITH ONE FROM A ROYAL GRAVE AT UR; AND A COPPER CHISEL (6 1/2 IN. LONG) PROBABLY MADE AT BRAK ABOUT 2500 B.C.



6. FOUND IN A VASE BURIED OVER 4000 YEARS BENEATH A SARGONID PERIOD HOUSE-FLOOR: JEWELLERY OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH CENTURY B.C., VERY LIKE FINDS IN ROYAL GRAVES AT UR—GOLD FILIGREE PENDANTS; GOLD, SILVER, AGATE, AND CARNELIAN BEADS; ALABASTER BOBBIN; HEMATITE WEIGHTS; LAPIS LAZULI ROSETTES; COPPER BANGLES. (1/3 actual size.)

previous illustrations related to the deposits beneath this tower of 3000 B.C. The present series deals with other parts of the palace site. In the relevant section of his article, we may recall, Mr. Mallowan said: "Many interesting objects discovered in and around the palace illustrate the art of the time. The most important finds were in clay vases buried for safety under the floors of houses outside the palace. We must presume, therefore, that their

[Continued below.]



7. GIVING LISTS OF LABOURERS AND CATTLE AND NAMING PLACES PRESUMABLY NEAR BRAK: A CLAY TABLET INSCRIBED IN CUNEIFORM, FOUND LYING IN ASH ON A BURNT COURTYARD FLOOR IN NARAM-SIN'S PALACE. (About 1 1/2 in. high.)

owners perished in the destruction, and the whereabouts of these treasures was forgotten. Among the deposits were ear-rings of gold and silver, stone cylinder-seals, animal amulets carved in steatite and lapis lazuli, and necklaces of semi-precious stones. The jewellery bears a remarkable similarity to that found in

royal graves at Ur, and proves that the high standard of craftsmanship achieved by Sumerians and Akkadians had spread to the furthest provinces of Syria. A few cuneiform tablets were found, and Mr. C. J. Gadd, Deputy Keeper of the Department of Egyptian and Syrian Antiquities in the British Museum, has kindly

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES, BRITISH MUSEUM. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

[Continued top right.]

TREASURES BURIED WHEN A SYRIAN CITY WAS SACKED
ABOUT 4000 YEARS AGO:
JEWELLERY CONCEALED BENEATH HOUSE-FLOORS; AND A RITUAL VESSEL.



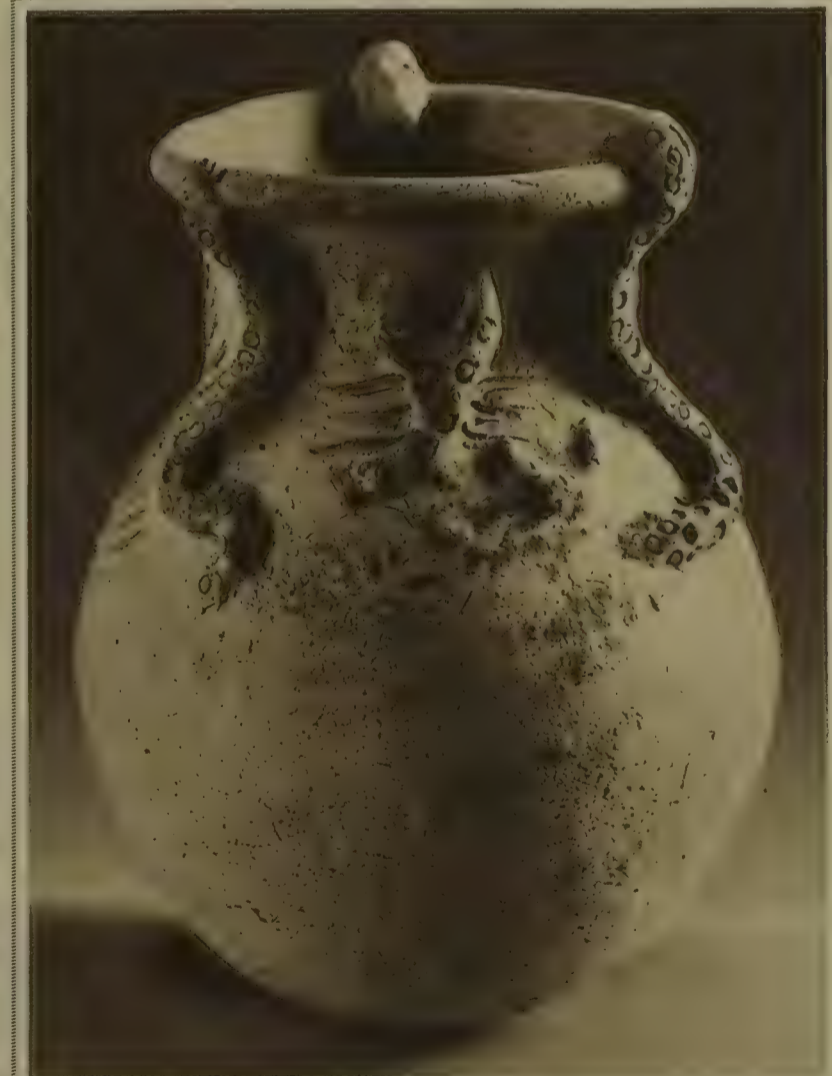
8. AS IT APPEARED WHEN FOUND: JEWELLERY OF ABOUT 2500 B.C. CONCEALED IN A CLAY BOWL BENEATH A HOUSE-FLOOR—A LAPIS LAZULI AMULET WITH DOUBLE BULL HEADS (TOP LEFT); COPPER AND SILVER EAR-RINGS; BEADS OF LAPIS LAZULI, AGATE AND CARNELIAN; AND A CRYSTAL PENDANT WITH GOLD CAPS. (About two-thirds actual size.)



9. AS IT APPEARED AFTER CLEANING: JEWELLERY FROM THE BOWL SHOWN IN FIG. 8—COILED SILVER EAR-RINGS; LANCEOLATE GOLD PENDANT; SILVER BEAD WITH SPIRAL ENDS (LIKE ONE FROM TROY); NECKLACE OF SILVER BEADS AND ROCK-CRYSTAL PENDANT ENCASED IN A GOLD CAP. (About two-thirds actual size.)

Continued.] supplied me with the following note: 'Two fairly well preserved tablets contain lists of labourers and cattle sent from a number of localities, which bear names otherwise unknown, such as Lilabsilum, Sukhna, Kundisi, Hilamat, Habiram, Bishum, Sumuh-dur; these were probably neighbouring villages.' The titles to some of the photographs may be supplemented by further details: (1) Amulet from a house of 2500 B.C. (2) Seal from Naram-Sin's palace; (3) Similar beads have been found at Alacahoyuk, in Hittite Asia Minor. (4) Amulet from a house near the palace. (5) Spear like one from Mes-Kalam-Dug's grave at Ur. (6) Jewellery buried in a vase beneath the floor

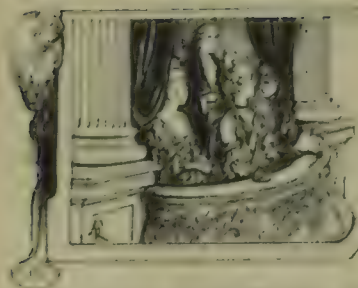
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10 and 11. TWO ASPECTS OF A CLAY VASE DECORATED WITH SNAKES AND SCORPIONS APPLIQUÉ AND ENGRAVINGS OF A SACRED TREE, A SUN, AND IMPRESSED CIRCLES; ANALOGOUS TO VASES FROM ASHUR AND GAWRA AND TO A TROUGH-SHAPED VESSEL FROM BRAK (SEE OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 15, 1938, PAGE 93)—(LEFT) THE SIDE SHOWING THE SUN AND TREE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES; (RIGHT) THE OTHER SIDE, WITH SNAKES AND A SCORPION. (Height, 7 in.)

of a house of the Sargonid period, whose owner probably perished when the palace was destroyed. (7) Tablet of about 2500 B.C. (8) Sealed bowl full of jewellery found under a house-floor of about 2300 B.C., but probably preserved from Sargonid times, about 2500 B.C. (9) The same

jewellery (from the bowl in Fig. 8) after expert treatment by Mr. E. Padgham in the British Museum laboratories. (10 and 11) Ritual vase probably used for libations, discovered in a house near the palace of Naram-Sin, at Brak. Date, about 2300 to 2200 B.C.



The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



THE PLAYWRIGHT IN SCHOOL.

EDUCATION is a large part of life. Parents, or at least those parents who pay for their children's schooling, have to worry a great deal about it. Their own parents did not worry nearly so much. Schools were just schools and, if you paid enough, you got a good school. That was the simple idea. The boys and girls were packed expensively off to Folkestone and Eastbourne and learned very little at large cost. There were plenty of games and church-going and it was all deemed quite satisfactory.

The parent of to-day has less money to spend (or waste) and is far more critical of discipline and curriculum and the

in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," Miss Barbara Burnham's adaptation of Mr. Hilton's popular story of an old public-school master. The reforming headmaster, who justifiably wants to ginger up the teaching at Chips' "Brookfield" and even to get rid of Chips himself, is made the villain of the piece, a mannerless, aggressive jack-in-office. My sympathies were all on the headmaster's side, for Chips, however much of a dear, was obviously an utter "dud" as far as any kind of fresh intellectual instruction or quickening of young minds was concerned.

Of course, one immensely likes Chips; he has a sense of humour and Mr. Leslie Banks presents a most natural and engaging series of Chipsian portraits as he follows the quiet usher from his nervous novitiate to his tranquil dotage. Chips is presented to us as the scholastic normality. That is, to me, a terrifying thought. Let us hope that the past tense alone is accurate. Chips was normal. Surely we are not still entrusting the young mind of the country, in a world of overwhelming difficulties and lightning changes, to such specimens of fossilised mentality, however charmingly they totter onwards to their second childhood.

No, this is hardly a play on education: the interest is personal and sentimental, and I am

sure that it is safer financially for being so. The British parent of to-day may be considering the school-problem with an anxious eye on the teacher's qualities as well as on the terminal bill. But in the theatre he or she would rather meet mid-Victorian "Chips" who is not going to change his ideas (or lack of them) for any new headmaster, than be confronted with a close discussion of new modes in preparation for life. "Chips" doddering on in his happy, complacent way, was an escapist from life and the play about him is an escapist document, too. It will not give you a moment's worry—provided you don't begin to wonder whether some old Chipsian fogey is in charge of your own child's mental welfare.

The most memorable picture of a schoolmaster on the stage in my experience

backward boy and Mr. Gielgud as the tired, frustrated teacher in a small-town atmosphere. This was the real thing.

Education, as a genuine drawing-out of mental faculties, happens to be the subject of Mr. Emlyn Williams's engrossing new play, "The Corn is Green," at the Duchess Theatre, which also is the real thing. The author plays the part of a young Welsh collier of potential genius. He is rescued from the pit by a benefactress (Dame Sybil Thorndike), who sets up a little academy of her own in wildest Wales, does her own teaching, and there, amid serious disappointments, has the satisfaction of turning at least one blade of green corn into a plant which promises to ripen in truest gold.

This piece is unique in one thing. It extracts a supreme dramatic excitement from the question whether a boy will be in time for an exam. and whether he will pass it. Has that ever happened in the theatre before? Many of us have poignant memories of that dreadful moment when we first looked at the exam. paper and saw that none of our favourite questions, the ones for which we had specially prepared, were included. Then there was the ticking of the clock, the galloping of the minutes. A mere three hours! How could we, in that poor, wretched space, convince a harsh examiner how much we knew,



"THE CORN IS GREEN," AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: MISS MOFFAT (SYBIL THORNDIKE), WHO HAS STARTED A SCHOOL IN A SMALL WELSH VILLAGE, WITH MORGAN EVANS (EMLYN WILLIAMS), A YOUNG MINER WITH MUCH LITERARY PROMISE.

"The Corn is Green" is notable for the acting of Sybil Thorndike as a middle-aged spinster who starts a village school in a mining district in Wales and discovers a young miner whose literary promise she fosters so that he wins a scholarship at Oxford. Emlyn Williams plays the part of the miner, Morgan Evans.

general tone and purpose of a school. Some fathers do still just send their sons to the establishment which the family has always patronised, but a more questioning spirit has arisen. The pros and cons of "the advanced school" are now seriously discussed in families which one would hardly expect to bother about educational reforms at all.

As for the young, they themselves must devote anything from five to fifteen years to this business of being taught. It is a fifth of their life and perhaps the most significant and important fifth. So, if drama and life were closely related, one would expect a good many plays in which education is the theme or at least a substantial part of it. Yet it is not a subject which is often used, presumably because "sex-interest" is so much insisted upon by those staging plays and "sex-interest" in a school story is apt to be either false or morbid.

It is true that Mr. Van Druten managed to escape both dangers in "Young Woodley" and dramatised calf-love simply, sincerely, and effectively. But education was there more of a background than a theme. In "Housemaster" Mr. Ian Hay introduced a good deal of feminine society to a boy's school and the process may have contributed very much to the popularity of the piece. But the ladies did get in the way of his essential and central story, that of the incoming headmaster who is younger and fresher than the men whom he is now to command and is bound to be unsympathetic to some of them. That sort of situation arises in almost every school; indeed, in almost every institution or business, and it merits a serious play.

In "Housemaster" our sympathy was invited for the elder man and the younger was shown as a prickly, tactless, and unlikeable person. The same thing happens



"GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY: THE LAST PHASE IN THE LIFE OF A LOVABLE SCHOOLMASTER—MR. CHIPS (LESLIE BANKS), AGED NINETY.

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips" has been adapted for the stage by James Hilton and Barbara Burnham from the former's famous novel. The life of that humane and lovable schoolmaster, Mr. Chips, is portrayed in eleven scenes.

how fully we understood! Mr. Emlyn Williams has got all that kind of feeling into his play, and I cannot remember anything like it in the theatre before.

That and a great deal more. He has managed to dramatised and to present in his own performance youth's hunger for ideas. Now on the stage we meet with all kinds of appetites, but rarely, if ever, this one. We see people in love with sex, with thrills, with religion, with money, with their professional work, but scarcely ever do we see a lad in love with knowledge and opinion. Yet that is a tremendous passion which has made glad or sad, according to its satisfaction or the reverse, the lives of many gifted and valuable boys and girls.

To build a play on this particular passion is extremely difficult. One has to admit the rival passions, the cravings for a sensual excitement, yet not let them run away with the play. Plays about schools are apt to leave school when "woman, lovely woman" shows her face at the window. After that they lose their singularity and just become ordinary plays. But Mr. Williams, while admitting woman as instructress (Dame Sybil Thorndike) and as temptress (Miss Betty Jardine), both splendid in their very different rôles, has sustained the integrity of his piece and of his unusual theme.

"The Corn is Green" starts brilliantly as a play about the need and hunger for knowledge and splendidly remains so.



"HAMLET" IN MODERN DRESS AT THE OLD VIC: THE KING (ANDREW CRUICKSHANK) PARTS HAMLET (ALEC GUINNESS) AND LAERTES (ANTHONY QUAYLE) DURING THEIR DUEL.

"Hamlet" in modern dress at the Old Vic follows the recent production in modern dress of "Troilus and Cressida," at the Westminster. Alec Guinness as Hamlet and Hermione Hannen as Ophelia give good performances and the play loses nothing by its up-to-date setting.

was that presented by Mr. John Gielgud in a play by the late Ronald Mackenzie called "The Maitlands." How moving in that case were Mr. Stephen Haggard as the

THE MENACED WALLED CITY OF JERUSALEM: A NEST OF TERRORISM.



THE HOLY CITY, A FOCAL POINT OF THE UPRISINGS IN PALESTINE, SINCE THE REBELS BEGAN MAKING EFFORTS TO DOMINATE IT: AN AIR VIEW OF MODERN JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING THE WALLED CITY, WHEREIN LIES THE AUTHORITIES' PROBLEM. (Photograph by C. E. Brown.)

KEY TO NUMBERS.

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| 1. EL AKSA MOSQUE. | 7. HARAM ESH SHERIF (the large rectangle). |
| 2. DOME OF THE ROCK. | 8. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. |
| 3. WAILING WALL (approximate position). | 9. CHRISTIAN QUARTER. |
| 4. JEWISH QUARTER. | 10. STORKS' TOWER. |
| 5. ARMENIAN QUARTER. | 11. MOSLEM QUARTER. |
| 6. CITADEL AND JAFFA GATE. | 12. DAMASCUS GATE. |

AS we write, it is clear that a very serious situation has developed in the Walled City of Jerusalem, where the sacred character of the place and the presence of a large Christian population make the authorities' task one of extreme delicacy. According to "The Times" correspondent, the Arab boast that the Walled City is dominated by the rebels is untrue, as British police control the Jaffa and other gates and the Citadel, strongly guard the Jewish quarter and patrol the two Christian quarters. But the Moslem quarter, the Haram esh Sherif and the area east of Damascus Street cannot be patrolled without extreme risk, and there is sniping during the day from the walls at the police. It must be understood that the great walls round the city are intact. They were rebuilt by the Turks in the sixteenth century on ancient foundations. All the gates are standing, but by the side of the Jaffa Gate there is a gap through which wheeled traffic can enter. Within the walls there is a maze of streets and bazaars dating from the Middle Ages, the nature of which appears clearly in the air photograph. Incidents have been increasing in number. On October 15 the police

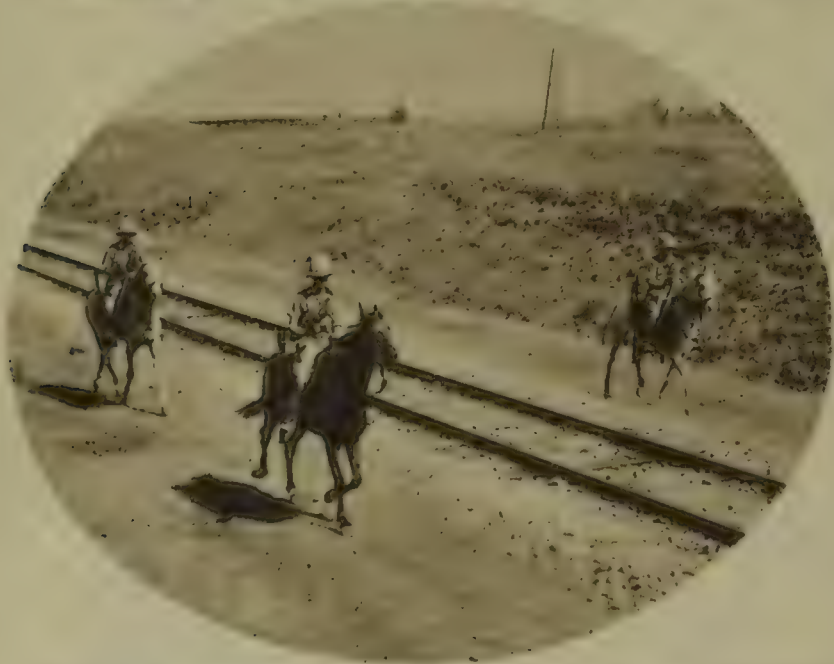


MODERN JERUSALEM: A MAP OF THE WALLED CITY, WHERE A STATE OF EXTREME TENSION PREVAILS, AND A 24-HOUR CURFEW WAS DECLARED.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. George Philip and Son, 32, Fleet Street, E.C.4.)

saw an unauthorised Arab trying to close the doors of the Damascus Gate and fired at him. Later, a bomb was thrown at a police post near the Gate. The police then closed all the city gates except the Jaffa Gate, where traffic was searched. On October 16 Arabs hidden behind the parapets inside the Damascus Gate fired twice at workmen in the square in front of the Government offices. The police on the roof of the Government offices fired at the Arabs, who could be seen on the city wall only 70 yards away. The gravest incident was an explosion in the Haram esh Sherif just to the east of the Dome of the Rock. Arab rumour ascribed this to a bomb thrown by Jews or British, but fortunately its position made such an explanation incredible. Probably it was the result of Arab attempts to make or carry a bomb. Later, bombs were thrown at the Citadel, which is garrisoned by military police and a detachment of the 2nd Battalion, the Black Watch. The curfew was extended for a continuous period of 36 hours, and later also applied to the New City. On October 17 the police station in the Moslem quarter was set on fire, and a bomb exploded harmlessly near the Rabbinical school in the Jewish quarter. The latest news speaks of a concentration of some 2000 British troops round the Walled City. The problem of how to dislodge the rebels without injury to the city and its Holy Places or to innocent inhabitants is very great, as narrow lanes, covered streets and old dwellings with cellars and underground passages make house-to-house searches hazardous.

"OBSOLETE" CAVALRY OF VALUE IN PALESTINE.



THE POLICY OF RETAINING CERTAIN HORSED REGIMENTS OF CAVALRY IN THE BRITISH ARMY PROVES ITS WORTH IN PALESTINE: TROOPERS OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS PATROLLING THE RAILWAY NEAR SARAFAND. (Central Press.)



ON "ACTIVE SERVICE" IN PALESTINE: A TROOPER OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS GUARDING THE RAILWAY WITH DRAWN SWORD—HIS POTENTIAL MOBILITY OVER ROUGH GROUND JUSTIFYING THE RETENTION OF HORSED CAVALRY. (Central Press.)



ENTRAINING THE HORSES OF A FAMOUS BRITISH CAVALRY REGIMENT FOR SERVICE INLAND: THE SCENE AT HAIFA AS THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS WERE LEAVING FOR SARAFAND AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN PALESTINE. (Fox.)

Although a large number of British cavalry regiments have been mechanised within recent years, some are still horsed. These regiments, which include The Royal Scots Greys and The Royal Dragoons, are regarded in certain quarters as being obsolete and as having no place in modern warfare. The recent events in Palestine have proved, however, that for some kinds of work, and in difficult country, horsed cavalry can still be of the greatest use. The terrorists have impeded armoured cars by blocking the roads with stones, under which they often conceal a land-mine, and sniping the crew when they alight to remove the barrier. Cavalry can negotiate country where the armoured car cannot go, and for that reason two horsed cavalry regiments were included among the recent reinforcements sent to Palestine. The Royal Scots Greys have already arrived and are now patrolling the railway near Sarafand and, at the time of writing, The Royal Dragoons are on their way. The value of cavalry is stressed by the fact that in announcing the recent scheme for the reorganisation of the Territorial Army, Mr. Hore-Belisha stated that horsed Yeomanry regiments were to retain their mounts.

PRECAUTIONS AND SABOTAGE IN PALESTINE.

Recently there has been extensive sabotage of the railway communications by the Arab terrorists in Palestine, and it has been necessary to protect the lines by sending out military patrols. In one of our photographs a patrol from The Royal West Kent Regiment, which has been in action against the Arabs on several occasions, is seen returning to Tulkarm station with two suspects whom they have found loitering near the line, and in another photograph is seen the wreckage of a freight train, pulled by two engines, which the terrorists derailed on the main line from Palestine to Egypt by withdrawing the bolts from the rails. Damage estimated at £5000 was caused and the main line was closed for a considerable time. The terrorists have become so confident that when The Royal Scots Greys moved by train to Sarafand, sentries, armed with Bren-guns, were posted at the carriage windows to ward off a possible attack. Besides cutting the railway-lines the terrorists blockade the motor-tracks by digging pits across them, undermining the culverts, and by building stone barriers.



BRINGING IN TWO ARAB SUSPECTS FOR QUESTIONING: A PATROL, SENT OUT ALONG THE RAILWAY-LINE BY THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT, RETURNING TO TULKARM STATION WITH THEIR PRISONERS. (S. and G.)



ARAB TERRORISTS SABOTAGE RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS IN PALESTINE: THE WRECKAGE OF A FREIGHT TRAIN WHICH WAS DERAILED ON THE MAIN LINE FROM PALESTINE TO EGYPT BY WITHDRAWING THE BOLTS FROM THE RAILS. (Fox.)



PROTECTING THE MILITARY TRAIN WHICH TOOK THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS FROM HAIFA TO SARAFAND ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN PALESTINE: A SENTRY ARMED WITH A BREN-GUN AT ONE OF THE CARRIAGE WINDOWS. (Fox.)

MINE-LOCATING IN PALESTINE: "SUICIDE SQUADS" AND THEIR WORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS, L.N.A.



THE WORK OF KEEPING OPEN THE RAILWAYS IN PALESTINE: LOADING HEAVY WEIGHTS ON A SMALL PILOT TROLLEY, WHICH IS THEN PUSHED AHEAD OF THE TRAIN TO DETONATE MINES LAID ON THE TRACK.



ENSURING PROTECTION FOR A TRAIN: ONE OF THE ARMoured TRUCKS WHICH ARE DRIVEN AHEAD OF LOCOMOTIVES TO CLEAR THE LINE, READY TO START AT TULKARM.



DESIGNED TO TRAVEL AHEAD OF TRAINS TO DETECT LAND-MINES AND SPOTS WHERE THE LINE HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH: A BATCH OF ARMoured TRUCKS WITH THEIR CREWS AT TULKARM.



A "SUICIDE SQUAD": THE CREW OF ONE OF THE ARMoured TRUCKS; SO NICKNAMED BECAUSE THEIR FAILURE TO LOCATE A MINE—BEFORE THE MINE-LOCATOR TRUCK WAS BROUGHT INTO USE—RESULTED IN THEIR BEING BLOWN UP.



THE DRIVER OF A PALESTINIAN "SUICIDE SQUAD": A SOLDIER PROTECTED BY STEEL PLATE AND A LUCKY HORSESHOE; WITH A LOOPHOLE THAT CAN BE CLOSED BY TURNING THE KNOB BESIDE IT.

An outstanding feature of the Arab terrorist campaign in Palestine is the persistent attacks on communications, with the obvious object of crippling the working of the civil and military authorities. A correspondent, writing at the beginning of this month, describes how the Arab rebels declared that they would close the railway line to the capital; and, eventually, they succeeded in doing so by constant attacks and, finally, by seizing and sending off a train without a crew, derailing it in a cutting. At about the same time, a "Times" correspondent wrote that the Kantara-Haifa line could only be run under military protection, with a severe

curfew extending for a mile and a quarter on each side of the line, and then only with repeated delays and interruptions. The measures taken to keep the lines open are bullet-proof waggons for guards, and motor-trolleys (converted Ford trucks), which run in front of trains and are manned by troops and volunteers from railway personnel. These trolleys have often been blown up by land-mines, and numerous casualties caused (whence the name "suicide squads"); and, therefore, the expedient has been adopted of pushing a small trolley loaded with heavy weights ahead of the armoured truck to explode mines laid on the track

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Physical fitness as a national virtue is, of course, no new thing. As we all know, it was practised by the ancient Greeks, and the ideal of health in body and mind together was expressed for all time in the Roman poet's words: "*mens sana in corpore sano*." It was left to modern science and social philosophy, however, to appreciate and study more thoroughly the influence of diet as a factor in the attainment of that ideal.

Practical considerations, with an element of idealism, inspired a far-reaching investigation into Britain's dietary habits recorded in "*THE PEOPLE'S FOOD*." By Sir William Crawford, K.B.E., and H. Broadley. With many Charts (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). This is a work of outstanding value and interest, not only to all concerned in the commercial side of food production and distribution, but also to social reformers and the general public. There should be a copy of the book in every British home. Its utility, from a social or domestic point of view, is enhanced rather than decreased by the fact that the author, as he clearly states, approaches the subject primarily from the business point of view. Sir William recalls that his service on the Imperial Economic Committee and the Empire Marketing Board revealed to him new problems of Empire, trade, and

motherhood is not the sum total of her influence. "The housewife," we are reminded, "not only chooses the meals which her family will eat: she also (by that very choice) affects the interests of farmers, workers, investors, in every part of the world. The activities and prosperity of eighty thousand grocers, forty thousand butchers, thirty thousand bakers, thirty thousand greengrocers, up and down the country, are all dependent on her shopping plans."

Here, of course, it is impossible to summarise the results of Sir William's Food Enquiry, for they fill the whole book. In a general way, however, certain conclusions may be indicated. For example: "Those, in this country, who are engaged in producing, distributing, selling, or advertising such foodstuffs as dairy produce, vegetables, fruit, fish, meat, eggs, are not only associated with business undertakings which will increase in volume and importance in the coming years; they are also contributing in no small measure to a great improvement in the nation's health." Regarding the future, he offers constructive suggestions. "A national campaign is overdue," he declares, "to awaken the public to a full understanding of the importance of the different foodstuffs for creating and maintaining healthy bodies. . . . Much more education on the subject of food values and nutrition should be provided for children and adolescents—particularly girls.

Besides the change from pasture to plough in many districts, there were also alterations of crops. After mentioning a reduction in the acreage devoted to hop-growing, Lord Ernle says: "Most of the new area was utilised for the growth of vegetables. . . . Still more important was the increase in allotments. . . . Extraordinary successes were achieved in urban districts. Crops were grown on the most unpromising material. Cabbages appeared out of concrete, and broccoli from brickbats. . . . The anticipated increase in the growth of vegetables in country districts made me hopeful of reviving pig-keeping as a cottage industry. . . . Speaking in its favour at a public meeting in a hunting country, I urged my audience to 'walk a pig instead of a puppy.' To my great surprise, the phrase was understood by very few people; but it helped to supply a good slogan to the country Press: 'Pigs, potatoes, and Prothero.'"

In war time women showed that they could take a practical part in food production, besides influencing the food trade as housewives and shoppers. Lord Ernle pays a high tribute to the Women's Land Army which came into being when, in January 1917, he set up the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, and he was particularly



DEPICTING A BUDDHIST GROUP WITH ROYAL PATRONS: A CHINESE TEMPLE WALL FRESCO OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY—NOW IN A CANADIAN MUSEUM—THE CENTRAL PART OF WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOURS IN THIS ISSUE.

The centre group of this Chinese temple wall fresco, now in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, is reproduced in colours on the facing page in this issue. The theme of the painting is purely Buddhist; and the central figure is the Maitreya (Coming) Buddha with a Bodhisattva, Celestial attendant and monkish disciple on either side. In addition, two historical incidents are depicted; one on each side

of the central group. They are tonsure scenes, and have to do with royal personages—one (on the right) the Emperor Wu of the Liang Dynasty and the other the Empress Hu of the Wei Dynasty. They were contemporaneous at the beginning of the sixth century and were royal patrons of Buddhism.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology.]

national health, and made him realise the great part food plays in national health and imperial prosperity. Something like £1,305,000,000, nearly a third of the national income, is spent on foodstuffs. Moreover, he points out that, "as an advertising practitioner," he should be able to interpret as well as influence public demand, and forecast future trends of trade.

We shall all benefit, whether as consumers or producers, if we "read, mark, and inwardly digest" the author's advice. "With the rise in the standard of living," he writes, "and the accompanying improvement . . . in our national diet, a vast new market is coming into being for the food-producer and food-manufacturer. This book sets out to measure and study that market. Its development will bring in its train increased turnover for large and small shopkeepers alike, better health for the nation, vastly increased prosperity for British agriculture. . . . The consumer, too, will require guidance and education. . . . This volume itself may indeed (and I hope it will) play some part in that educational work." Elsewhere the author states that there are nearly 8,000,000 people, mostly in working-class homes, trying to subsist on a food allowance below the bare minimum necessary for health.

Sir William's conclusions are based on the household budgets of some 5000 families, representing various classes, in London, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Newcastle, Liverpool and Cardiff. The information was obtained by personal visits of tactful investigators, mostly women. Time was when woman's importance was epitomised in the poet's line: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Nowadays, apart from her political and professional activities, we realise that, even in domestic affairs,

These students of to-day will be the mothers and housewives of to-morrow." And, lastly, "To handle the food problems of the future, a Food Research Institute is necessary."

Britain's food resources during the Great War, and the measures taken to extend them by home production, form the main interest of the later chapters in a posthumous autobiography of extraordinary interest—"WHIPPINGHAM TO WESTMINSTER." The Reminiscences of Lord Ernle (Rowland Prothero). With Introduction by Lord Kennet and concluding note by Sir A. Daniel Hall. With 8 Plates and 3 Text Drawings (Murray; 18s.). Lord Ernle's Parliamentary career came late in his long life, which closed last year with his death at the age of eighty-six. It was in June 1915 that he was returned unopposed as M.P. for Oxford University. In December 1916, at the invitation of Mr. Lloyd George, who had just succeeded Mr. Asquith as Premier, he became President of the Board of Agriculture, a post for which he was peculiarly fitted by his lifelong interest in farming and his experience as Chief Agent to the Duke of Bedford.

Explaining the purpose of his "plough policy," and describing the position in regard to food supplies in 1915, Lord Ernle writes: "The daily bread of over 30 millions of our population was produced abroad; only a fifth of the whole ate bread that was grown on our land at home. Here was our most vulnerable point, and the enemy knew it as well as we did. . . . The slogan of 'Back to the 'Seventies' meant the restoration to tillage of the 3½ million acres of arable which in England and Wales had been 'made to pasture' during the past forty years. The ideal was, of course, unattainable. But the effort to reach it opened, as I thought, the only road to national safety."

proud of having been the only male President of the Federation of Women's Institutes, formed with the Board's assistance to organise the land work. Recalling his recruiting speech at the Albert Hall in March 1917, he writes: "I warned them that it was no occasion for 'lilac sunbonnets,' but that they were offered a life so rough and hard both in the fields and at home that, with obvious differences, it was only comparable to life in the trenches. The appeal struck the right note. It went home, and in a few days some 45,000 women offered themselves to the Ministry of National Service for enrolment. . . . Of the magnificent records of successful effort which women placed to their credit during the War, many have been more dramatic, but few have been finer in spirit and endurance than their work on the land."

So far I have touched only on the last few chapters of Lord Ernle's reminiscences, and it must be emphasised that the bulk of the volume preceding them ranges over a far wider field and makes uncommonly good reading. He himself does not carry his life-story much beyond 1917, but when he resigned in 1919 he had still eighteen years to live, and a brief sketch of his "brilliant old age," laying stress on his charm, gaiety and youthfulness of spirit, is provided in Lord Kennet's introduction. Lord Ernle's own narrative begins with his "early Victorian childhood" in the Isle of Wight, when, on Sundays, "newspapers were not allowed" and "the *Illustrated London News* remained in its wrapper till Monday." Later it covers schooldays at Marlborough, undergraduate days at Oxford, prowess at cricket, wanderings in France, return to Oxford as Proctor (in which capacity he once had the temerity to advise Jowett to have his hair cut, to avoid ribaldry at a University ceremony!), and literary work culminating in the

[Continued on page 766.]



A TREASURE OF THE MONASTERY OF JOYFUL TRANSFORMATION.

THE COMING BUDDHA: THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE FRESCO FROM HSING-HUA MONASTERY—PROBABLY PAINTED IN 1235 A.D.

The fresco of which this is the central group came from the Hsing-hua Ssü (the Monastery of Joyful Transformation), near Chi-shan, in South Shansi. It measures 38 ft. 2½ in. in length, and is 18 ft. 11 in. high. It is well preserved and practically complete, the only parts lacking being sky sections with cloud design which were passed over by the persons responsible for removing the painting from its setting. Unfortunately, one of the portions of plaster left on the wall is said to have contained an inscription giving the year-date equivalent to 1238 A.D. In 1923 a syndicate of Chinese dealers purchased the fresco from the custodians and the painted plaster was cut in sections and carefully pried from the wall. The slabs were then stored

in a village until 1928, when they were offered to the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology and transferred to Canada. The theme of the painting is purely Buddhist. It is in the form known as the Mandala, or Paradise, in which a group of Buddhist divinities is symmetrically arranged and presided over by a central figure, usually a Buddha. In this fresco the central figure is the Maitreya (coming) Buddha. In the foreground, on each side, is an attendant. Behind them are monkish disciples—the one on the left, the Genius of Good; the other, the Genius of Evil. Along the bottom, lotus-flowers and leaves appear to emerge from waves of water; while, in the open spaces of the background, are spiral forms of clouds.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PAINTING OF THE FRESCO BY MISS DOROTHY MACDONALD, OF THE STAFF OF THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM OF ARCHEOLOGY.



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE THE VISITOR IS INTERESTED IN CENTURIES-OLD NATIVE RITES AND CUSTOMS; IN THE TRANSKEI TERRITORIES.

Between East London and Durban are the Transkeian territories, where some million people of the Bantu races live a carefree life in huts on the open spaces. To these primitive men and women, choice of a housing site is all-important. As is seen in the above picture, the position invariably selected is on top of a hill or on the mountain slopes, a survival of the times when eminences were considered the best protection against the

surprise attacks of other tribes. These territories are under the control of the Government of the Union of South Africa, but the natives enjoy a system of self-government. Their Parliament, or "Bunga," as it is called, meets at Umtata and frequently attracts ethnologists and visitors from far and wide. Many of the native councillors are extremely able speakers, and their fluent utterances on the laws and customs of their forebears are

marked by dignity and wisdom. Native customs vary considerably. Each tribe has rites and rituals differing from the others and social and religious conceptions date back over centuries. Darwin held the theory that Africa was the home of the evolution of mankind and this view is supported by certain recent discoveries, strengthening Africa's claim to be the ancestral home of the human race. No visitor to South Africa should

omit the Transkei from his itinerary, as convenient rail and road transport facilities are available throughout this area. The South African Government Travel Bureau—in co-operation with certain travel agencies throughout the world—disseminates descriptive literature on South Africa. The London office of the Bureau is in South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. M. MURRYBROWN, DURBAN.



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DEATH OF THE SULTAN OF PERAK: H.H. PADUKA SRI ISKANDAR SHAH.

H.H. Paduka Sri Iskandar Shah, the Sultan of Perak, died on October 14. He spent five years as a student at Oxford University, and last visited this country in 1924, when he inspected the Malaya Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Perak, over which he ruled, is the second largest in area, and the largest in population, of the four Federated Malay States.



THE BULGARIAN CHIEF OF STAFF, WHO WAS ASSASSINATED: MAJOR PEEFF.

Major-General Peeff, the Chief of the Bulgarian General Staff, was shot in the open street in Sofia on October 10. General Peeff, who was fifty-four, had held the position of Chief of Staff since January of last year. The assassin, whose identity and motives have since been the subject of contradictory reports, attempted to commit suicide.



A PORTRAIT OF LORD WAKEFIELD UNVEILED IN CORDWAINERS' HALL BY THE LORD MAYOR.

On October 13, Sir Harry Twyford, the Lord Mayor of London, unveiled a portrait of Alderman Viscount Wakefield of Hythe in Cordwainers' Hall. The portrait, by Mr. Isaac M. Cohen, was bought by the Company to commemorate Lord Wakefield's services to the Guild and the City. Lord Wakefield, who is seen above on the left of the Lord Mayor has been a Cordwainer for thirty years.



QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA.

Is celebrating the twentieth anniversary of her accession to the throne of the Tongan Islands, in the West Pacific. H.M. the King has sent her a message of congratulation. Queen Salote is a great-granddaughter of King George Tubou I., who founded the dynasty. She became a Dame Commander of the British Empire in 1932. The Islands form a British Protectorate.



SIR HENRY FOWLER.

Designer of the "Royal Scot" class of locomotives. Died October 17; aged sixty-eight. Was Chief Mechanical Engineer for the L.M.S. Railway from 1925 to 1930. Held various appointments for the Ministry of Munitions and in 1916 was Superintendent of the Royal Aircraft Factory.



THE NEW SULTAN OF PERAK.

The Raja Muda of Perak succeeded to the Sultanate on the death of H.H. Paduka Sri Iskandar Shah. Has been Vice-President of the Perak State Council. He is fifty. He has held high posts in the Malayan Civil Service. He once served as a private in the Perak battalion of the Malayan Volunteer Infantry. The King has approved of his selection as the new Sultan.



THE REV. J. W. WELCH.

Will succeed the Rev. F. A. Iremonger as Director of Religion for the B.B.C. on the latter's retirement in April next year. From 1929 to 1935 he was Educational Missionary and Government Supervisor of mission schools in South Nigeria. Is Principal of St. John's College, York.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL.

Cousin of the last Emperor of Russia and head of the house of Romanoff. Died October 12; aged sixty-two. Was aboard the battleship "Petro-pavlovsk" when it was torpedoed off Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War. During the Great War served as Chief of the Imperial Maritime Guard. In 1924 proclaimed himself "Emperor of All the Russias."



THE PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAY IN BERWICKSHIRE: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN WITH HIS HOST AND HOSTESS AND THE HOUSE-PARTY AT THE HIRSEL.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who resumed his interrupted holiday after the four days' debate in the House of Commons following the Munich Agreement, has been the guest of the Earl and Countess of Home at The Hirsell, Coldstream. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) Lady William Scott; Lord Dunglass; the Countess of Home with her grandson, Master Robin Douglas Home; the Prime Minister; the Earl of Home; Lady Dunglass; Lady Bridget Home, and Lord William Scott.



AT A DINNER GIVEN FOR DELEGATES TO THE LILIENTHAL CONGRESS IN BERLIN: COLONEL AND MRS. LINDBERGH WITH GERMAN AIR FORCE OFFICERS.

The movements of Colonel Lindbergh have been a matter of interest lately, particularly since leading Soviet airmen alleged that he had reported adversely on the Soviet Air Force after his visit to Russia in August. He has been attending the annual congress of the Lilienthal Society for aeronautical research in Berlin and is seen in the above photograph talking to German Air Force officers at a dinner given for foreign delegates.

PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS: OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



ONE OF THE NAVY'S NEW MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS, SAID TO BE THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD: THE CRAFT UNDERGOING SPEED TRIALS.

We illustrate here one of a batch of 45-m.p.h. torpedo-boats, stated to be the fastest in the world, which are being built for the British Navy, at speed during trials near Southampton. These craft can accelerate from 5 to 38 knots in eight seconds, or when going at 38 knots can halt within three seconds without reversing engines. They carry considerable fighting equipment of new design. (Fox Photos.)



MR. LLOYD GEORGE WATCHING A BIG GYRO-TILLER AT WORK PLOUGHING LAND ON HIS ESTATE AT CHURT, FOR DEVELOPMENT INTO A MARKET-GARDEN.

Mr. Lloyd George recently decided to turn into a market-garden 160 acres of idle land adjoining his farm at Churt, in Surrey. For ploughing purposes he employs a £3000 gyro-tiller, which tears up the soil with two huge claw-like machines at the back, and moves at the rate of about a mile an hour. The work is carried on at night, by searchlight, as well as during the day. (Planet News.)



THE NEW CZECH FOREIGN MINISTER, RECENTLY RECEIVED BY HERR HITLER: M. CHVALKOVSKY (RIGHT), WITH DR. MASTNY, CZECH MINISTER IN BERLIN.

Herr Hitler received M. Chvalkovsky in Munich on October 14. In an official communiqué it was stated: "The Czechoslovak Foreign Minister gave the Führer an assurance that Czechoslovakia would adopt a loyal attitude towards Germany. . . . The Führer expressed his regret that no solution had yet been found on the question of the Hungarian minorities." On the previous day, in Berlin, M. Chvalkovsky placed a wreath on the German war memorial. (Keystone.)



REPUTED TO BE THE FIRST A.R.P. DEVICE OF ITS KIND IN ENGLAND: A RED CROSS INLAID ON THE ROOF OF A JEWISH HOSPITAL IN LONDON.

Two large Red Crosses, each measuring about 25 ft. from end to end, are being inlaid into the roof of a new wing now being added to the London Jewish Hospital at Stepney Green. Here workmen are seen caulking-in the edges of one of the crosses, which are composed of special tiles. These crosses are believed to be the first placed on any hospital in England.



AN INNOVATION ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY: THE FIRST OF A NEW FLEET OF VACUUM CLEANERS AT WORK AT WATERLOO STATION.

At Waterloo a few mornings ago railway passengers were surprised by the unaccustomed sight of a large mechanically-propelled vacuum cleaner at work on the station pavements. It was the first of a new fleet of these machines to be installed by the Southern Railway for the purpose of platform-cleaning. It is another example of civilian mechanisation, like the trains of trucks already used at big stations for conveying luggage. (Topical.)



HUNGARY'S SPOKESMAN AT THE CONFERENCE ON HUNGARIAN CLAIMS TO CZECH TERRITORY: M. DE KANYA (RIGHT), THE HUNGARIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

On October 13 the Slovak-Hungarian Conference at Komarom broke down when M. de Kanya announced that Hungary would appeal to the four Powers of the Munich Agreement. The next day Herr Hitler received representatives of both sides, and expressed hope of a satisfactory solution. On the 17th M. Chvalkovsky, the Czech Foreign Minister, it was reported, stated that there would be no Four-Power conference on the question, but direct negotiations would be resumed. (Associated Press.)



REPUTED TO BE THE FASTEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD: ONE OF THE NEW BRITISH MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS GIVING A DISPLAY OF SPEED DURING HER RECENT TRIALS.

Here we give another view (in addition to the photograph on a smaller scale reproduced on the opposite page) of one of the new 45-m.p.h. motor torpedo-boats which are being built for the British Navy, going at speed during her trials in the neighbourhood of Southampton. These craft are described as being the fastest warships in the world. In an explanatory note accompanying the above photograph it is

stated: "At top speed they can, with a twist of the wheel, side-slip immediately from diving machine-gunners. They accelerate from 5 to 38 knots in eight seconds, or they can, from 38 knots, halt within three seconds without reversing engines. The first of the boats have seen service in the Mediterranean with success, and the new batch will be delivered shortly." (Photograph by Fox Photos.)

NEWS EVENTS: A DURBAR; VOLUNTEER ORGANISATIONS; AND AN AIR-LINER.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MISSION TO FRANCE: PILOTS RUNNING TO THEIR MACHINES DURING A DEMONSTRATION FOR THE VISITORS AT LE BOURGET.

The visit of a Royal Air Force Mission to France, headed by Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, ended on October 15. The Mission saw a demonstration at Le Bourget before flying to the air base at Rheims, where the members of the mission were received by Colonel Vallin, who gave them a description of the organisation of the aerodrome. Later they saw mock fights between fighters and bombers, and in the evening witnessed night manoeuvres. (Planet.)



ARRIVING AT THE DURBAR HELD TO CELEBRATE THE DUSSERA FESTIVAL: THE NEW MAHARAJA OF PATIALA IN HIS STATE CARRIAGE.

The Maharaja of Patiala, who was installed as ruler of the premier State of the Punjab by Sir H. Wilberforce-Bell, British Resident for the Punjab States, early this year, following the death of the late Maharaja on March 23, celebrated the Hindu Dussera Festival by holding a Durbar. His Highness arrived in state for this function. Like his predecessor, the Maharaja is a sportsman and a cricketer. Last year he played for the India XI. (Keystone.)



THE FIRST OF A FLEET OF FOURTEEN NEW AIR-LINERS ORDERED FOR IMPERIAL AIRWAYS: THE ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH "ENSIGN," WHICH WILL OPERATE ON EUROPEAN AND EMPIRE ROUTES.

The first of a fleet of fourteen air-liners under construction for Imperial Airways, the Armstrong Whitworth "Ensign," was delivered recently, and made its first trial passenger-carrying flight over London. This type of machine will operate on the Company's European and Empire routes—the "European" class having accommodation for 40 passengers, and the "Empire" class carrying 27 passengers by day and 20 by night, with sleeping accommodation. The "Ensign" has a maximum speed of 200 m.p.h., and a cruising speed of 165 m.p.h. It is powered with four 880-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley "Tiger" IX engines. (Chas. Brown.)



THE UNIFORM APPROVED BY THE AIR MINISTRY FOR THE CIVIL AIR GUARD: A MEMBER WEARING THE BLUE BOILER-SUIT WITH CHROMIUM BUTTONS AND A BLACK HELMET. (L.N.A.)



THE NUCLEUS OF THE AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE STARTS TRAINING: FUTURE OFFICERS OF THE NEW WOMEN'S FORMATION DRILLING UNDER A SERGEANT AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S HEADQUARTERS, CHELSEA.

Future officers of the new women's organisation, the Auxiliary Territorial Service, have started training at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. Our photograph shows them in uniform stepping-out under the watchful eye of a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards. Members of this organisation will be employed in clerical work at Territorial Army headquarters, in cook-houses and canteens, and as transport-drivers. The photograph on the left shows the new uniform approved by the Air Ministry for members of the Civil Air Guard. It will be worn by men and women alike, and consists of a blue boiler-suit with chromium buttons inscribed with the letters "C.A.G." and a black helmet with earphones. The cost to members will be twenty-seven shillings. (Keystone.)



SIBELIUS, A FESTIVAL OF WHOSE WORKS BEGINS ON OCTOBER 27.

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

By FRANCIS TOYE.

THE PROBLEM OF ENGLISH OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE three weeks' season of opera in English at Covent Garden raises two principal questions: what æsthetic justification is there for an enterprise of this kind, and how far is there any real public demand for it? I would like to make it clear at the outset that I am considering only the fact of English opera at Covent Garden. For instance, I am perfectly aware that the present season is but a prelude to an important provincial tour. With this I am not concerned, if only for the reason that no discussion about it is possible. Those in the provinces who like opera necessarily welcome the visit

cosmopolitanism. So it is as well to be prepared.

Now we come to our second question: how far is there any real public demand for opera in English at Covent Garden at theatre prices? To my regret, I cannot answer this question with the same certainty. Just as Covent Garden has never been identified with national art, so it has never been identified with popular patronage. It has always been the preserve of fashion; for very many years people have been glad to pay very high prices for the privilege of hearing the greatest singers in the world, who, in their turn, considered it a privilege to sing there. In short, Covent Garden possesses a definite glamour of its own, which may be deplored, but cannot be denied. For my part, I do not deplore it in the least; I think it is a very valuable

thing in these drab days; but let that pass. What is of importance to the subject at issue is the fact. It is simply impossible to get away from the atmosphere and the traditions of Covent Garden. Unconsciously, subconsciously, when you enter the theatre you expect a certain something; and if that certain something is not forthcoming, you will experience a feeling of disappointment, whether or no you realise the reason.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about opera in English by those to whom foreign languages remain very foreign. To these people the very strangeness of the words is a kind of mystery, adding considerably to their enjoyment. The writer, being something of a cosmopolitan, speaks with no bias in this matter. As against this, and dismissing all question of prejudice or intellectual snobbery, there can be no doubt that to the dilettante of experience and cultured taste an opera will always sound more satisfactory in the language in which it was originally written. Apart from words, every school of music has a definite flavour of its own, but when words are allied with music this flavour becomes still more distinctive and a change in them prejudices the flavour of the whole, because the quality of certain words is indissolubly attached to the quality of certain sounds, and the stresses of the music do not make quite the same effect when divorced from the stresses of the language.

For better or for worse, however, the world has decided that this is a counsel of perfection. Broadly speaking, only in England, the United States, Brazil, and the Argentine, countries that have no real national school of their own, are operas given in the original languages. Debussy, it may be remembered, was so struck by the fact when he first came across it at Covent Garden that he noted it as one of the signs of Anglo-Saxon superiority. For elsewhere operas are invariably given in the vernacular. You can and will, of course, hear German and French operas in Italy, German and Italian operas in France, Italian and French operas in Germany; but in every case you will hear them in Italian, French and German respectively. The only exceptions I can think of were certain "guest" performances of Italian opera, with visiting foreign singers, in Southern Germany, and an isolated performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande" at La Scala during the latter days of Toscanini's régime.

So, on the principle of sauce for the goose and the gander being identical, I can see no theoretical objection in æsthetics to operas being given in English, even at Covent Garden. The word "even" may occasion surprise, for people often write and talk of Covent Garden as if it were a kind of national opera house. It is not, never has been, anything of the kind. It started life as the Royal Italian Opera and then, in the last years, when Italian opera began to lose caste, it was primarily identified with German opera. The only thing with which it has never been identified, except sporadically, is English opera or opera in English. Still, times change, and in our era of aggravated nationalism, with frontier barriers continually rising, England may have to be prepared for operatic autarchy even at Covent Garden, the traditional home of



"AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY," AT THE KINGSWAY: A CHARMING SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL PLAY OF AN ARISTOCRATIC PASTORAL FROLIC AT PISA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



ARISTOCRATIC FATHER AND DAUGHTER IN "AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY": FREDERICK RANALOW AS COUNT POMPOSO AND IRENE EISINGER AS FLORINDA.

The music is the especial delight of "An Elephant in Arcady." It has been compiled by Ernest Irving on a basis of eighteenth-century material, including the work of Mozart and Alessandro Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Galuppi and Paesello. Mr. Frederick Ranalow plays the part of the Count in whose castle the aristocrat Arcadians sport. The story turns upon the efforts of an honest gentleman of the city to win the Count's daughter. (Angus McBean.)



THE GREAT FINNISH COMPOSER: ANOTHER RECENT PORTRAIT OF SIBELIUS.

More important still, there is the question of the singers. They may be, often are, admirable in themselves, but, except in isolated instances, such as an Eva Turner or a Maggie Teyte, they are not singers with life-long experience of grand opera. Once more there enters in the factor of subconscious comparison, the memory harking back—unfairly, it may be—to past glories. But in this instance it is to be feared that, even without the factor of comparison, the facts speak only too clearly for themselves. The voices of most of our English singers are too light for big opera houses; they do not convey the intensity necessary for Italian, or the power necessary for German, opera. Except that comparatively few of them have studied as comprehensively as their Continental colleagues, it is not at all their fault. To begin with, the natural quality of the English voice is, as a rule, lyrical rather than dramatic; secondly, that miserable railway train existence which so grievously afflicts the whole of English music places an exceptional handicap on English singers.

I do not think, then, that Covent Garden can ever be ideally suited to English operatic performances under modern conditions. The artists would sound far better in a smaller theatre, such as Sadler's Wells, for which their voices really do possess the necessary power. Moreover, it must be admitted that, so far as London is concerned, Sadler's Wells has solved the problem of English opera, and I am not sure how far there is now any demand for English opera outside it. On the other hand, nobody wants to see Covent Garden operatically untenanted, and even less to see this particular company, with so much fine material in it, disbanded and unemployed. The problem—is easier to state than to solve.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THIS month has produced a batch of political novels, of which the longest and solidest, and by far the most impressive, is "Days of Hope." M. Malraux describes the Spanish war from its beginning to the victory at Guadalajara. As a pilot in the International Air Force he had every chance of learning something about it; but it is possible to see and experience a great deal, and yet be very little the wiser. M. Malraux is one of those who profit by their experience—who suck the juice out of every moment. He brought to the war not only sympathy and

place; it includes a "revolutionary" love-affair, but the real hero is Stalin—and from time to time even the show of fiction is discarded in favour of a "revolutionary" harangue. This sounds pretty bad; however, it is rather a taking book—fresh and innocent. There are exciting and vivid scenes. What is least agreeable is the jargon—the talk of "reconstructing the psychology of the fighters," etc., etc.

"No Victory for the Soldier" suggests a war book, but is, in fact, the life-story of a musician; the hero, John Knox, gets killed in Spain, but he does not actually fight and he has no interest in politics. Indeed, he is very little interested in anything, except his own work. Imagine "The Constant Nymph" rewritten by some tough male friend of the Sangers and you will have a vague idea of what to expect. There is the same truculence about music; there is a tiresome wife who has a salon, and a young, suitable, devoted creature who dies. But I am not hinting at imitation; the likeness ends there, and the style and characters are as different as they can be. Mr. Hill is honest and vigorous, though aggressive—and one may say the same of his hero.

After the turmoils of the present day, how quiet and soothing is the historical novel! There are few stories more tragic than that of the Princess Sophia Dorothea, wife of the future George I.; yet what an agreeable change from the Spanish war! Mr. A. E. W. Mason is an old hand, and in this line he has done nothing better than "Königsmark." Everything is just right. There is enough psychology

to be convincing, and not enough to spoil the atmosphere. The events are managed with perfect grace and assurance. The sense of period is delicious. One wants to applaud.

"I Am Canute" has an unattractive title, and (even its publishers seem to think) a forbidding subject; but don't be shy of it. Nothing could be more readable, more agreeable, than this tale of Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironside, and Ethelred's wife, who afterwards became the wife of Canute. The authors have turned out a capital piece of work—well-informed yet buoyant, with just a tang of the old sagas, never too much. It was a brave thing to attempt, and good luck to them.

"The Wild Geese" is a tale of Kerry in the mid-eighteenth century. Its hero, Maurice, is an officer in the Irish Guards—hence the title—but the real scene is on his brother's estate. Brandon Kinross adores Rossmore; he lives for nothing else; and it is stolen from him, gradually and quite legally, by a Protestant cousin. This could have been a first-rate subject, and, indeed, it promised to be, but I thought the climax disappointing. The story is

work. He has qualified and bought a practice. He cannot hope to achieve anything beyond; the rest of his days will be spent in wearing himself out for poor patients and forgiving bad debts. Moreover, his private life is unhappy. Yet at the end of it all he can look back without discontent; he has filled a niche, the work has been its own blessing, and no younger man will find it easy to take his place. The medical crooks and go-getters are the exception: this is the rule.

After a long and thoughtful work, a short, rattling one. Miss Földes' heroine, Suzy, is about to be deported; she bribes an unknown youth to marry her, falls in love with him, and wins his love by pretending to be somebody else. "I'm Getting Married" is full of uplift and tearing spirits; and Suzy herself is a tornado. A jolly book.

"Jolly" is the last word for "Thicker than Water." There are two brothers, one rather hearty, the other supercilious and exhausted from the cradle. The hearty Tony falls in love with Clare—just a bit in love with her—and goes off to South America, leaving her vaguely ear-marked "his girl." During his absence, Clare falls in love with Richard, who seduces her from pure idleness. When Tony comes back they are both indifferent, and she cannot



THE ONLY KNOWN COMPLETE SKELETON OF *PSEUDOMEGATERIUM LUNDII*: A SPECIMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC MOUNTAIN GROUND-SLOTH OF SOUTH AMERICA IN THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO.

This skeleton of the huge prehistoric mountain ground-sloth of South America was placed on exhibition recently in the Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago. The specimen was discovered in a mountain valley of southern Bolivia by Captain Robert M. Thorne, a member of the second Marshall Field Palaeontological Expedition to Argentina and Bolivia, and has been in course of preparation for several years. The animal had the proportions of a bear of the most gigantic type. It had a short neck and a ponderous body set upon stout legs and was armed with a massive tail. Its deep jaws were equipped with strong grinding-teeth.

courage, but a relentless eye and a passion of intelligent curiosity. Nothing was allowed to escape him. In one respect his book is like "War and Peace": it is full of detail so immediately convincing, so unquestionably genuine, that we might have been there—and in the light of such details, we can easily accept all the rest.

There is no hero; there is no plot. His subject is the war, and the people fighting it—the war as a whole. Though M. Malraux himself fought in the air, he does not give any special prominence to the Air Force; those exploits have their turn, along with, say, the retreat from Toledo, and the agony of Madrid. And in the most exciting scenes, in the very frenzy of action, he is never carried away; he observes, with a detached interest even stronger than his emotion. Just as the excitement is temperate, so the calmer pages—the conversations—are very exciting. For the author is bent on understanding this war. He is set on breaking up the Popular Front into all its elements, on finding out exactly how they differ, and what, if anything, they have in common, besides the will to resist. He wants to know by what process a crowd of volunteers is changed into an effective army, and at what cost—how much of the pure ideal must be sacrificed. He has an intense interest in the individual; he wants to know what prompted such-and-such a man to join up at a particular moment, and what each one has felt, and thought, and suffered, from the beginning. Every reaction is precious to him, and every character has a voice. They speak for themselves.

So, if you, too, care to understand "the army in overalls"—what it is like, what inspires it—this book is your opportunity. No need to distrust the author because he has taken sides. Reading is believing, in this case.

"Spanish Recruit" is a direct contrast. It is written from the insurgent—or, to use its own term, the "Carlisle"—point of view. It is short—a mere couple of anecdotes. It is clear-cut, ruthless, and full of hate. Lust and torture, under an intensely blue sky: that is the dominant impression. The "Marxists" are a pack of howling *sans-culottes*, and usually cowards. Terrorism is justified by "the atrocious crimes of our enemies." But don't imagine, for all this savage *parti pris*, that it is a stupid book. It is highly sophisticated, cruelly vivid in its own way; the difficulty is to attach it to anything. One keeps asking—or, at least, I did—what war is this? It seems remote, timeless; it might be any civil conflict, except, surely, one going on now. When did they live, these peasants who rush into battle shouting "Viva Don Carlos!"? One has a queer sense of mirage.

"Bread" is about the early struggles of Leninism, the Cossack rising, and the tussle to get provisions from the Ukraine. Unlike "Days of Hope" or "Spanish Recruit," it is naive to the very limit. Everything is set down black or white. Characters who disagree with Lenin are frankly "scum," "counter-revolutionary traitors," or "bloody bourgeois." Characters who support him are splendid. The adjective "revolutionary" is applied freely, with no other purpose than to strengthen the noun; for example, property, loyalty and conscience (if belonging to the right people) are "revolutionary." The plot is all over the



GROWING TO A HEIGHT OF ONLY TWELVE INCHES: THE CHEVROTAIN, OR MOUSE-DEER, WHICH HAS A DARK BROWN COAT WITH WHITE STRIPES RUNNING THE LENGTH OF ITS BACK.

During the daytime the chevrotain takes cover amid tall, densely-growing grass or in rocky fissures, coming out to browse timidly only under cover of darkness. It is very fond of the succulent leaves of the wild "pan" creeper.

told in letters, in a style which, if not absolutely "period," is close enough, and quite charming.

To return to our time: in "Dr. Bradley Remembers" Mr. Brett Young describes the never-ending labours and scant rewards of a "G.P." in an industrial suburb of North Bromwich. Dr. Bradley has emerged from the people, not through ability, but by dint of character and hard



A RARE VISITOR TO THE BRITISH ISLES: A PURPLE-GALLINULE (*PORPHYRIO PORPHYRIO*) CAPTURED NEAR CAMPBELTOWN, KINTYRE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

This bird made its appearance recently among some poultry in a small park near Campbeltown. On being approached, it showed signs of nervousness and flew off, landing high up in a plane tree. Eventually, it was persuaded to enter a wire-netting enclosure, where it was housed for some time. The next difficulty was to discover what food would appeal to it and, strangely enough, a diet of wheat was found satisfactory. The bird, whose coloration is a brilliant purplish-blue, has been presented to the Edinburgh Zoo.

even embroil them. It is all cleverly done, but it suffers from the paltriness of the emotions, and the more-than-dreariness of the characters.

"Anne Alone" is about a girl whose life's ambition is to make hats. Also she believes in reincarnation. These traits are unconnected on the surface—and so they are in the novel; surely one can aspire to provide fashionable clothes for rich women without being brought up on "the Light." Still, the intermittent gush of propaganda is better value than the heroine's fussed-over but not exciting career.

Tahiti is Tahiti as usual in "The Dark River": a Garden of Eden, peopled by noble savages who are not savage at all. Enter a young Englishman, Alan Hardie. He falls in love with the lovely Naia, and marries her—and old General Hardie goes into convulsions about "black blood," and the disgrace of his son's union with "a little Kanaka wench." Naia is pure English all the time, but they don't find it out till after the tragedy.

I have left "Death in a White Tie" till the last, because that seems a convenient place for a detective novel; but in order of merit it would rank high. The background is the London season—managed delightfully. The detection is admirable. Only, what a pity that the victim should be the nicest, most amusing character in the book—dear old "Bunchy" Gossell, whom we had just had time to get fond of!

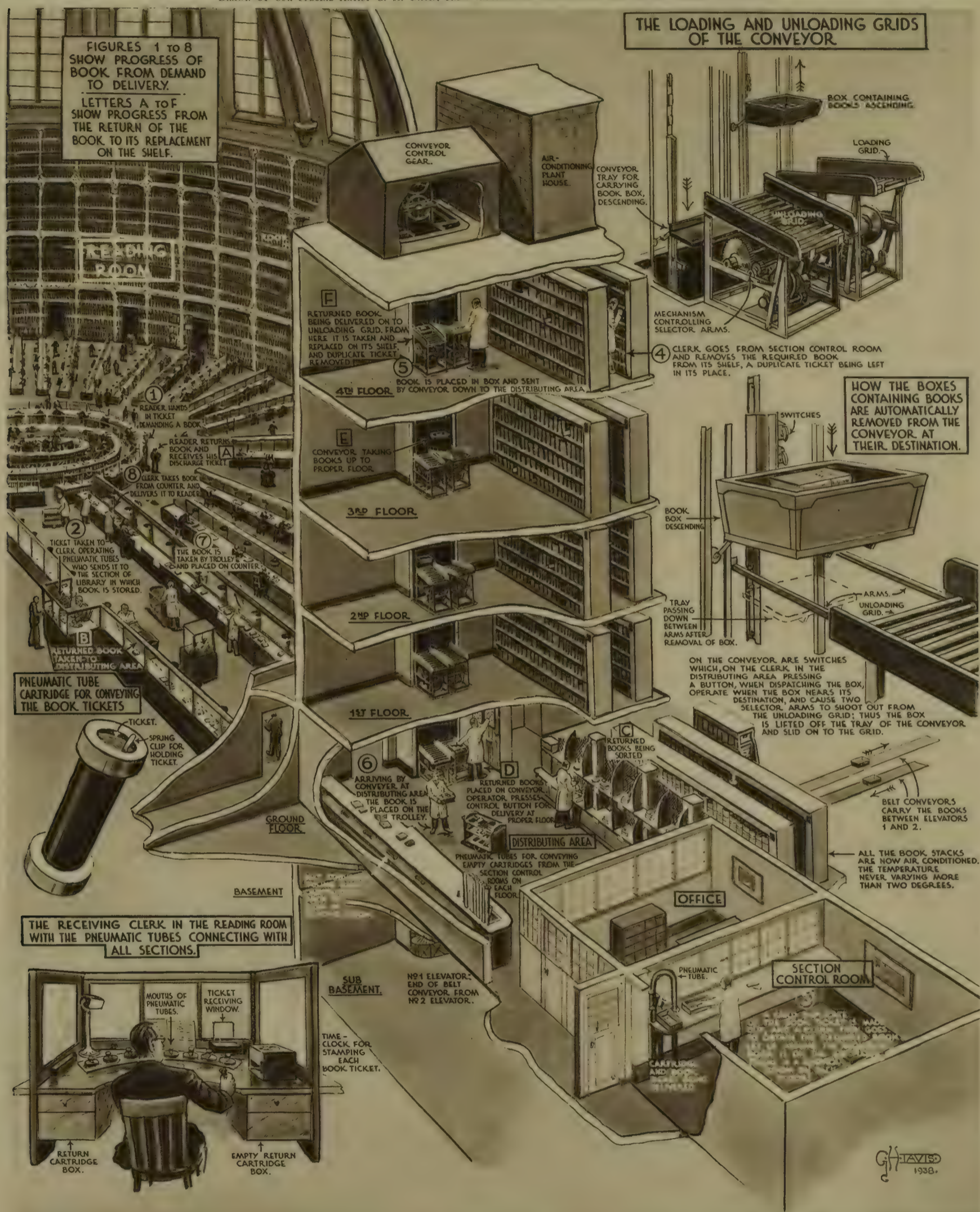
K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Days of Hope. By André Malraux. (Routledge; 8s. 6d.)
 Spanish Recruit. By Lucien Maulvault. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
 Bread. By Alexei Tolstoy. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
 No Victory for the Soldier. By James Hill. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
 Königsmark. By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
 I Am Canute. By Patry Williams. (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)
 The Wild Geese. By Bridget Boland. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
 Dr. Bradley Remembers. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 I'm Getting Married. By Jolanda Földes. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
 Thicker than Water. By Nigel Gosling. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
 Anne Alone. By Owen Rutter. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)
 The Dark River. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
 Death in a White Tie. By Ngaio Marsh. (Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.)

HANDLING BOOKS BY "PATERNOSTER": SPEED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM AUTHORITIES.

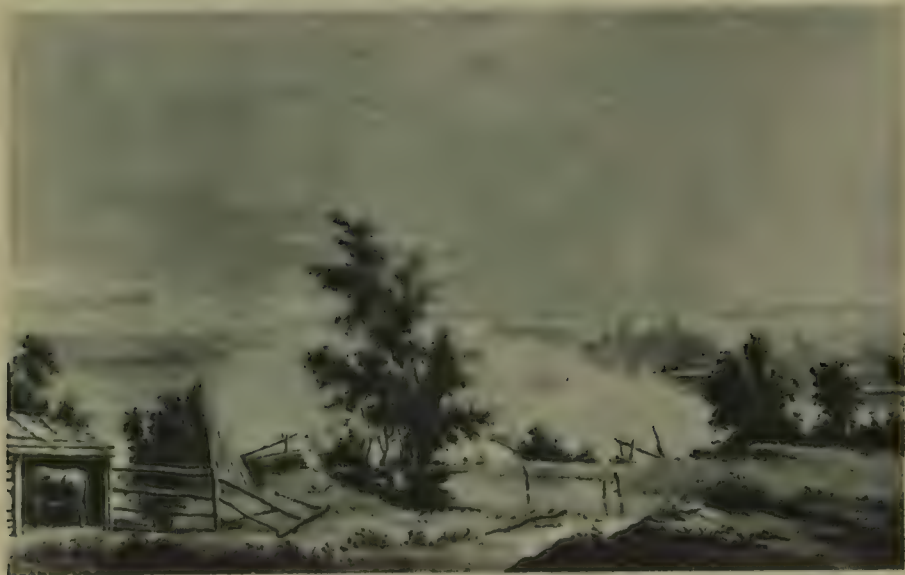


BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY IMPROVEMENTS: HOW THE NEW "PATERNOSTER" SYSTEM MAKES POSSIBLE A MUCH-ACCELERATED HANDLING OF BOOKS; PNEUMATIC-TUBE COMMUNICATION; AND AIR-CONDITIONED BOOK STACKS.

The new north-west quadrant at the British Museum has been completed, with the new steel fireproof library and with air-conditioning plant which keeps the atmosphere in the book stacks at a temperature which does not vary more than two degrees. The most important mechanical innovation is the provision of two new electrically driven book elevators. This apparatus, which is known as the "Paternoster" because it counts boxes containing books much in the way that beads are told on a rosary, also embodies an elaborate system of pneumatic tubes for conveying the book-demand tickets from the Reading Room to the section control rooms on each floor. The selected book is sent down from the stack by means of the elevators. Careful check is kept of the movements of books

by means of tickets; and, when finished with, they are returned by the same elevators. An ingenious system removes the box containing the books at the correct floor, and it is automatically discharged on to the unloading grid. The "Paternoster" was made and erected by a British firm, Messrs. Sovex, of Erith. The necessity for some such system is shown by the fact that the officials of the Reading Room receive on an average 2000 applications for books a day and handle on an average 3400 volumes. It has been found that the new apparatus considerably shortens the time taken in obtaining books from even the farthest point in the library. Its success has been complete and it is hoped in due course to extend it to the other quadrants of the library.

CANADIAN ART EXHIBITED IN LONDON AT THE TATE: HISTORIC RECORDS OF THE "EARLIES"; AND MODERNISTIC DEPARTURES.



IN THE "CENTURY OF CANADIAN ART" EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY: "FORT GARRY AND BONAVENTURE"; BY PAUL KANE (1810-1871), THE EXPLORER-PAINTER, FAMOUS FOR HIS PICTORIAL RECORDS OF THE EARLY WEST.—[Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.]



"QUEBEC FROM LEVIS": BY MAURICE G. CULLEN, AN OUTSTANDING MODERN CANADIAN ARTIST, WHO DIED IN 1934.
(Lent by the Art Association of Montreal.)



"MONTMORENCY FALLS, 1853": THE WORK OF CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), ANOTHER IMPORTANT EARLY CANADIAN PAINTER.
(Lent by Colonel George S. Cantlie, Montreal.)



"WINTER LANDSCAPE": KRIEGHOFF AS A RECORDER OF THE LIFE OF CANADA IN THE LAST CENTURY.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)



THE MAGNIFICENCE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN CANADIAN PAINTING:
"THE ROGERS PASS"; BY JOHN A. FRASER (1838-1898).
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)



"THE END OF WINTER"; BY JAMES HENDERSON: A PAINTING EXHIBITING THE INFLUENCE OF IMPRESSIONISM ON MODERN CANADIAN PAINTING.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)

THE Exhibition of Canadian Art was opened in the Tate Gallery by the Duke of Kent on October 14. It covers a period of over a century and some of the works shown, notably the wood carvings of Quebec, date back to the eighteenth and even seventeenth centuries. Outstanding in historical interest are the paintings by Paul Kane, two of which are illustrated on this and the opposite page. He was an artist-explorer of great enterprise, and as early as 1846 set out on the first of his travels made under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. He crossed the Continent by canoe, by horse, and

on foot, made his way through the Rocky Mountains and explored Puget Sound and Vancouver Island. All the time he was busy sketching portraits, scenes, dances, and native rites and customs, which he eventually worked up into pictures, the largest collection of which is in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. These early records are of great ethnographical and historical value. Another early Canadian painter was Cornelius Krieghoff, a German by birth. He fought in Florida for the United States and was subsequently employed by the U.S. War Department in making sketches. In later years he lived in Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, where he painted the French-Canadian habitant. The other painters represented on this page are Maurice G. Cullen, a New-foundlander by birth, who studied in Paris; John Fraser, who was born in London; and James Henderson, a Scot, who studied at the Glasgow School of Art and in London, going out to Canada in 1910.

CANADIAN ART EXHIBITED IN THE TATE GALLERY: FROM THE PICTURESQUE PAST TO THE LIVING PRESENT.



MODERN ART IN CANADA: "THE READERS"; BY LAWRENCE A. C. PANTON, WHO WAS BORN IN ENGLAND AND WENT OUT TO CANADA IN 1911.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)

PROBABLY, few English visitors to the "Century of Canadian Art Exhibition" know that there is a modern Canadian movement in painting which is of considerable importance. This had its origin in the so-called "Group of Seven," of whom Tom Thomson was the best known. But other notable figures in the movement, such as Arthur Lismer, A. Y. Jackson, Lawren Harris, and Franklin Carmichael, are well represented in the exhibition at the Tate. On this page are seen reproductions of some representative modern Canadian work, including a painting by a leading

(Continued below.)



"COLOURED NUDE"; BY DOROTHY STEVENS: A CHARACTERISTIC WORK BY A LEADING CANADIAN WOMAN PAINTER.
(Lent by the Art Gallery of Toronto.)



THE FRENCH-CANADIAN ELEMENT IN CANADIAN ART: "PORTRAIT OF A NUN"; BY ANTOINE PLAMONDON (1804-1895).
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)



"A MEETING OF THE SCHOOL TRUSTEES"; BY ROBERT HARRIS (1849-1919): A WORK REPRESENTATIVE OF THAT OF THE ONTARIO PAINTERS OF THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)



"BREAKING A ROAD"; BY WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK (1849-1922): A TYPICAL CANADIAN SCENE BY A WELL-KNOWN TORONTO PAINTER OF THE LAST GENERATION.
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)



PAUL KANE, "THE FIRST CANADIAN ARTIST," RECORDS THE LIFE OF THE TRIBES HE ENCOUNTERED ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE WEST: "INDIANS PLAYING AT ALCOLOH."
(Lent by the National Gallery of Canada.)

Canadian woman artist, Dorothy Stevens. She was born at Toronto, and studied at the Slade School in London and also in Paris. She is best known, perhaps, for her nudes, one of which we reproduce, but has also painted many successful portraits. Robert Harris, painter of "A Meeting of the School Trustees," was a leading representative of the last generation of Ontario painters, who were well known for their "pictures with a story," rather in the same vein as the "A Meeting of the School Trustees." Harris was born in North Wales, and went

out to Canada with his parents, who settled in Prince Edward Island. He studied in London, at the Slade, in Paris, and also in Madrid, Rome, Munich, Holland, and Belgium. He was a charter member of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1880. William Cruikshank was a Toronto painter who exercised much influence as a teacher in the art school there, and was a great favourite with his pupils, being ever ready to encourage young talent. He was a Scot by birth and went out to Canada in 1857.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE FIFTH ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AT GROSVENOR HOUSE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NO, we are not barbarians, and this annual gathering is a proof that there is a good deal of hope for us: there really are a great many people who enjoy works of art of greater or less importance. But perhaps we have some way to go before we can call ourselves completely civilised—what people has not? For instance, so far as I am aware, no organisation

brush-stroke will be as honoured as a splendid musical phrase. When that time comes in England the people of Hull or Liverpool will be able to arrange as good a show as the people of Rotterdam, and these annual popular functions at Grosvenor House point the way. Their popular character is worth emphasising. The comparison is not exact, but they occupy in the world of art something of the position the popular Sunday concerts at the Palladium occupy in the world of music. They deliberately cater for the not-too-earnest amateur. There are plenty of good things and some very fine things indeed, and the very learned and knowledgeable connoisseur goes there on equal terms with you and me, who don't know as much as we'd like to know.

This, of course, is written before the event; but I have seen some of the exhibits—enough to

know that Lord Willingdon, who will open the exhibition at 3 p.m. on Oct. 27, need have no hesitation in declaring that this Fifth Fair is not less intriguing than its predecessors. It is mainly an exhibition of furniture, porcelain, pottery and silver. Pictures are not numerous, and are mostly from the hand of decorative rather than profoundly subtle masters. The coming Scottish Exhibition at Burlington House this winter is foreshadowed by an uncommonly good Allan Ramsay shown by Messrs. Spink and Son, said to be a portrait of his wife, painted in 1754—that is, well before this talented painter settled down to his prosperous career in London. During the 'sixties Ramsay suffered a little from too easy success, and his work became a trifle perfunctory, though the two canvases of the young George III. and his Queen in the National Portrait Gallery are admirable examples of official portraiture; but there's no question that his earlier pictures, those of the 'forties and 'fifties, are, on the whole, more sensitive and subtle. This was very noticeable at the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, and the point was duly noted on this page at the time.



TWO UNUSUAL PAINTINGS OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST IN THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: THE START OF THE DUEL BETWEEN THE SIEUR DE BRÉAUTÉ AND 21 DUTCHMEN AND GERRIT ABRAHAMSZ AND 21 SPANIARDS NEAR BOIS LE DUC IN 1600 (ABOVE); AND THE VICTORY OF THE DUTCHMEN (RIGHT).

This painting, by Sebastian Vrancx (1573-1647), is not only of great interest as a contemporary illustration of a remarkable episode of the fighting in the Low Countries, but provides a wealth of information as to the tactics and armament of the period. In the first picture the two pairs of heralds can be seen on facing hillocks; while the front rank of the party in the distance are discharging their pistols. In the second picture the Spaniards are being worsted, and some are making off. This is the first time the two companion pictures have been exhibited together.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son.)



has yet chartered a liner to take enthusiastic thousands to see the new Vermeer at Rotterdam. I went there a fortnight ago, and when I bought my ticket the clerk seemed surprised. "It's a little unusual, sir," he said, "to take a holiday in Holland at this time of year, if I may say so. There aren't any bulbs flowering in the fields; in fact, there's nothing to see at all." And when I said I could look at plenty of flowers at home and was merely going to see a picture, he spoke to me with the gentle tenderness eminent mental specialists doubtless adopt towards their more hopeless cases. This well-intentioned kindness is rather typical of our general attitude to the arts, which are considered pretty playthings for children. Quite apart from the Vermeer and the Rembrandt, which are such wonderful additions to the permanent collection of the Boymans Museum, the special exhibition arranged in honour of the Queen of Holland's Jubilee was remarkable not only for its high quality, but also—and this was not immediately obvious—for the fact that it had been gathered together from local collections, and the majority of the pictures had been acquired by their owners within the last twenty-five years. No such fine exhibition could have been organised from local resources in any of our major ports—that, I think, is certain—and pretty well all our regional exhibitions are formed from pictures bought well over a century ago. Some day—and the position is far better now than it was in pre-war days—it will be the ordinary, and not the extraordinary, thing for children to grow up with a knowledge of Gainsborough and Constable as well as of Shakespeare and Milton—they will see poetry as well as read it; the eye will be recognised for what it is—as sensitive an instrument of emotion as the ear, and a noble



A CHARMING EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAIT AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: "LADY BOOTHBY"; BY GILBERT STUART (1754-1828).

This is a very fine example of Stuart's art; painted in 1784. The sitter, who is seen in a pink dress over which falls a black shawl, was the wife of Sir Brooke Boothby, sixth Baronet of Broadlaw Ash, Derbyshire.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son.)

Another interesting picture belonging to the same firm is a portrait by Richard Wilson, dated 1746, just before his journey to Italy—the journey which confirmed him in his determination to paint landscapes, profoundly affected his technique, and indirectly brought about his material ruin, for it is reasonable to suppose that had he continued as a portraitist he would have made money. Yet another is a fine portrait by the American, Gilbert Stuart, from those years in England when he was strongly influenced by George Romney.

Amid a formidable weight of silver, the following pieces seem to call for comment. A noble tankard of 1662 engraved with the arms of Osborne impaling Bertie (Mallett); a Queen Anne box of 1711 by David Willaume, and a part gilt Spanish jug (ten-sided) of 1540 (S. J. Phillips). Messrs. Crichton are showing a magnificent silver-gilt toilet service by John White, 1729; an Elizabethan salt of 1567, and one of those rare early English spoons with "wrythen" top of the year 1509. Messrs. S. J. Phillips have a remarkable case of eighteenth-century gold snuff-boxes, finely set off by some rare Italian carved rock crystal. There is every variety of spoon from Henry VII. to George IV., and, apart from collectors' pieces, innumerable appointments for the table from a so-called Irish "potato-ring"—the large, pierced ring used as a stand to prevent hot dishes from marking fine, polished mahogany—to knives and forks and glass and silver candlesticks. The glass is always a distinguished section of the Fair, and many people, to my knowledge—individuals who are in no sense of the word collectors—go there because of its fascination, and the few firms who specialise in it (including that of Mr. Perret, this year's President of the British Antique Dealers' Association) seem to have no difficulty in

(Continued overleaf.)



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To the late
King George V.

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR, GROSVENOR HOUSE, 27th OCT.—11th NOV.

Continued. providing an adequate number of those wine-glasses, candlesticks and candelabra which made the reputation of English glass all over Europe—they appear to have less difficulty in doing this than in persuading an obstinately unbelieving public that all English glass was *not* made at Waterford. It is odd how ancient heresies persist: the Waterford legend is as firmly believed as the story that those rather odd early eighteenth-century chairs on which one sits astride were not library chairs, well adapted for the warming of masculine backs before a blazing fire, but cock-fighting chairs, used by the umpires and presumably dragged about from event to event. One very rare piece of glass is a blue vase by Ravenscroft, that seventeenth-century worthy whose experiments with glass of lead may be said to have laid the foundations of the reputation of our glass manufacture in later years. (Messrs. Arthur Churchill.) Not everyone's house is suitable for the great cut-glass hanging candelabra which are among the finest products of the industry in the second half of the eighteenth century, but the table candelabra—from about 2 ft. to 2½ ft. in height—are an entirely different matter. (Messrs. Delomosne and Mr. Cecil Davis.)

The committee organising the Fair take extraordinary pains to ensure that everything on view is

more than a century old—a formidable task, considering the thousands of different objects on view. That this rather thankless work is taken seriously I can bear witness, for this time last year I was sufficiently curious and sceptical to indulge in a little detective work. I spent an amusing and informative half-hour spying upon one of the vetting commissions as they went from stall to stall and was duly impressed by the acrobatics of one or two of the senior and more dignified members as they bent down and flashed an electric torch under tables and into the mysterious interiors of bureaux; and on one occasion I listened to the indignant protests of a stall-holder as a single item of his property was turned down as not up to standard, and a little later I had

One can easily raise a cheap smile at such happenings, but from the public point of view they are important—they do show that what is exposed for sale has been subject to the closest scrutiny by experts—there are different vetting committees, of course, for each class of goods—and that, as far as is humanly possible, nothing can be bought that is not above suspicion. Other virtues of the Fair are obvious—notably the saving of time in having some of the best things of country dealers, from Exeter to York and beyond, brought together in one central hall for a fortnight on end. One may lose a little of the fun of poking about for bargains in individual galleries—but then, there's the rest of the year in which to do that.

About two-thirds of the exhibits are pieces of furniture, and these range from sturdy country-made chairs to the most elaborate designs of the age of Chippendale—such a thing, for example, as the Chippendale silver table with fretted gallery shown by Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd., or the library table belonging to Messrs. M. Harris and Sons, the

design of which is to be seen in the "Director" of 1754, Plate 84b. To a good many visitors the variety of walnut and mahogany, so richly mellowed by the passage of two hundred years or so, is a perpetual delight, irrespective of the shape of the particular piece which it forms—to the cultivated eye the quality of the wood itself is sometimes as important as its shape. Where, as is generally the case throughout the eighteenth century, beautiful timber is allied with beautiful proportions.

[Continued overleaf.]



CHIPPENDALE'S "CHINESE TASTE": A CHAIR FORMING ONE OF A SET OF TEN, SINGLE AND TWO ELBOW CHAIRS, IN CARVED MAHOGANY, AND COVERED IN OLD RED DAMASK.

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A RARE QUEEN ANNE WALNUT CHINA CABINET
EXHIBITING AT GROSVENOR HOUSE FAIR. STAND 100

Continued. criticism has to remain silent. A good example is a china cabinet shown by Mallett and Son, made about 1690, with front and sides composed of "oyster" veneers with sycamore cross-bandings; a walnut bureau (Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd.), whose colour has something of the quality of an oil painting by a Dutch seventeenth-century master, and several of those admirable wide bookcases with broken-fronts of an architectural pattern which are among the most sensible, practical, and agreeable pieces of furniture the Georgian period devised. Certain pieces in unusual woods are sure to rouse a good deal of interest, particularly one which has just been brought to my notice—a coffer on its stand of padouk wood, which presumably dates from the early part of the century. Padouk is rather like rosewood in texture and colour, though generally a trifle paler, and as far as I

can discover, began to enter this country from Burma about 1720. Wanted—a history of antique furniture from the angle of the wood of which it is composed. It will be a difficult task for several reasons. One of them is that no one is quite certain what a rare wood looks like after two centuries of polishing and ordinary wear and tear. I once made an amusing experiment—I took two pieces of debatable wood to two separate authorities, and they both gave me different opinions—and they both changed those opinions a week afterwards: and then some of my friends rebuke me for not always speaking of my elders and betters with profound respect! It is a comforting thought that your real expert (and there are many) is aware of not how much, but how little he knows, and that the pursuit of knowledge in the arts, as in the sciences, has a beginning but no end.

The whole range of Chinese art is splendidly represented, from early bronzes and archaic jades to its final flowering in the reign of the great Emperor Chien Lung (1736-1795). The later wares, especially those which depend largely upon their colour, have been eagerly bought—and copied—in Europe since they first came

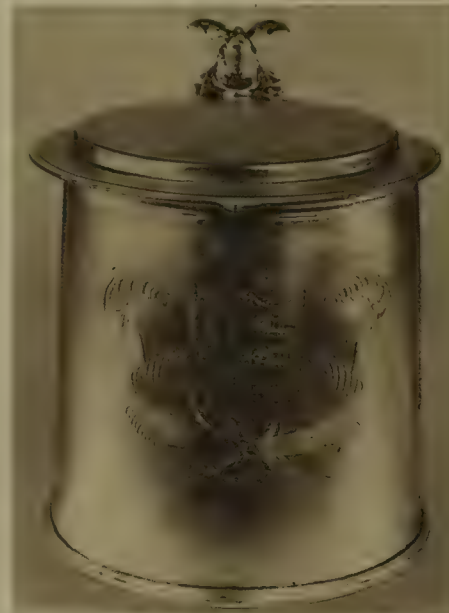
THE RICHNESS OF
RESTORATION CARVING:
A RARE CHARLES II.
MIRROR WITH
ELABORATE CRESTING,
AND SILVERED FRAME.
(Reproduced by Courtesy of
Messrs. Mallett and Son.)

over, and nothing is more eloquent of the respect in which they were then held than their treatment by Continental and English silversmiths, who thought them so strange and precious that they often provided them with silver, or silver-gilt, mounts—



SILVER AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A VERY LARGE QUEEN ANNE CUP—THE LARGEST EVER RECORDED—BY THE FAMOUS PIERRE PLATEL; ENGRAVED WITH CONTEMPORARY ARMS (LONDON 1708).

(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son.)



ANOTHER FINE PIECE OF ANTIQUE SILVER: A CHARLES II. TANKARD, BEARING THE ARMS OF OSBORNE IMPALING BERTIE, BEING THOSE OF SIR THOMAS OSBORNE, SUBSEQUENTLY DUKE OF LEEDS. (DATE, 1662.) (Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son.)

a combination which is not so incongruous as it sounds.

Of the more austere pieces a fine eighteenth-century altar set—incense-burner, box, and flower vase—of pure white jade (Messrs. John Sparks) and carved in an archaic bronze design is of extraordinary quality—and so is a pair of gilt bronze deer, Ming period, of a type of which several variants are known. The experts do not seem to have made up their minds completely as to whether these sensitive animals are Chinese—some see in them Mongolian influence, others insist that they are probably from Nepal. I have in mind one of somewhat

similar character—the creature is kneeling in adoration of the Buddha—in a very famous collection: not that their exact provenance matters in the least in fine work of this sort. The elaborate craftsmanship of the Chinese workers in enamel is seen to great advantage in a large vase (Messrs. Spink and Son), of the reign of Yung Chêng—double gourd-shaped, with brilliant colours on a ground of stippled Imperial yellow. As an example of the perfection to which the Chinese brought the only technique they borrowed from Europe, this piece is beyond compare, and their remarkable sense of pattern—this is a virtue which their European imitators could not always copy—is found in a Ming porcelain underglaze blue dish, decorated with scrolling flowers. The English ceramic industry is represented by the whole range of products from early Staffordshire to Wedgwood—perhaps the finest is a Chelsea porcelain group (Gold Anchor period) belonging to Messrs. Stonor and Evans.

As is her invariable custom, H.M. Queen Mary is taking the greatest interest in the Fair, and on this occasion is lending for exhibition six pieces from her personal collection, among them a charming agate casket by John Cox, London (c. 1760-70). It is mounted in gold and decorated with paste and crystals set in silver. Inside is a watch, the dial surrounded by ten rosettes, each one rotating in a revolving frame; below are five glass cosmetic boxes mounted in gold, implements for the toilet, and a small gold spoon.



MING CHINA AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A RARE UNGLAZED PORCELAIN FIGURE OF SHOU LAO, THE BASE DECORATED WITH EMBLEMS OF LONGEVITY. (HEIGHT 12 IN.)
(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. John Sparks.)

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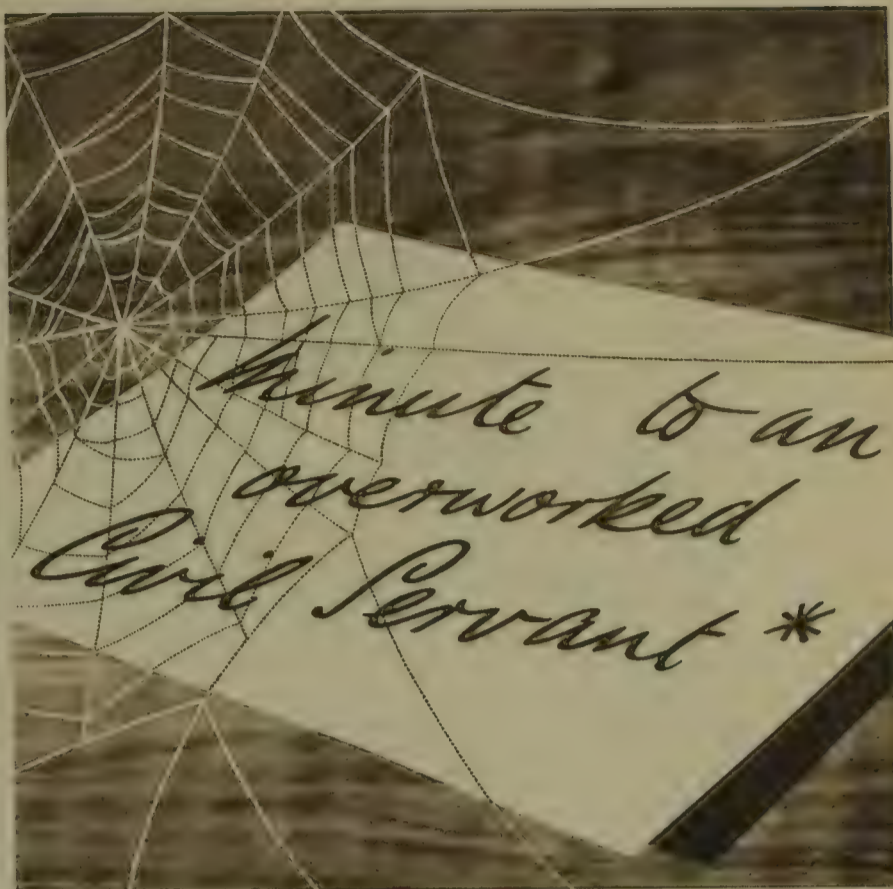
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When Shah Jahan was still an imperious Mogul prince, they married him to a shy young Persian girl, Mumtaz Mahal. For fourteen years, through all the excitement of winning an Emperor's throne, then amid the glitter and intrigue of the richest Court in the East, Mumtaz Mahal held Shah Jahan's unceasing love. At thirty-nine she died; the lord of Hindustan was prostrate... 'Empire has no sweetness for me, life no relish.' He resolved to build her a Memorial such as men had never seen before. He summoned architects, builders and sculptors from East and West; he brought Jasper from Persia, Onyx from the Mountains, Lapis from Ceylon, Gold Stone from Arabia. All were fashioned by the craft of centuries into a requiem in marble, white and unearthly by the majestic Jumna. Opposite he planned his own Tomb in jet black marble with a silver bridge between the two, so that he and his beloved might meet and commune for ever. But it was not to be; his treacherous son seized the Peacock Throne while he died in the Jasmine Tower at Agra... with his eyes upon the Taj.

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IN SEARCH OF WINTER SUNSHINE.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

INDIA—BURMA—CEYLON—MALAYA—NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES—AUSTRALIA—AND NEW ZEALAND.

TIME was when the radius within which one had to search for a spot in which to spend a winter holiday graced with sunshine was exceedingly circumscribed. To-day this extends to the other side of the globe. Winter holiday resorts are to be found in every one of the five continents, and a place can be chosen with just that type of winter climate you like best. Distance is a barrier no longer, for those who have the time at their disposal have at their command fast liners with the most luxurious accommodation, as well as plainer, but very comfortable, quarters for those with smaller purses. Those whose time is more limited have the inestimable advantage of being able to fly to their destination, however distant, in a few days, and, with an early-morning start, an air journey of close upon a thousand miles can be made within the compass of a morning!

Many of the far-distant lands in point of space, but distant no longer in point of time, lie, fortunately, within the British Empire, and of these, India, with its genial winter climate, its astonishing diversity of peoples, and its amazing differences of customs, costumes, and architecture, together with its wealth of historical association, and its wonder buildings of the past, is certainly one of the most attractive. Travel within India to-day is as simplified as travel to India. A network of railways covers the country, enabling the traveller to visit in comfort all points of outstanding interest and to see every type of

of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, to Mandalay and see there the Palace of Thebaw, the Queen's Golden Monastery and the 730 Pagodas. From Mandalay you can go northwards by rail to the wild game country about Myitkyina, the land of the Kachins, or eastwards, to Lashio, crossing over the world-famed Goteik Viaduct, with magnificent scenery; while from Lashio a splendid trip is possible southwards, to Rangoon, by motor-car, through the Northern and Southern Shan States, stopping, *en route*, at Taunggyi, the picturesque capital of the Southern States. If, however, you elect to pay a visit to the charming hill-station of Kalaw, you will have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the ladies of Padaung, with giraffe-like necks, stretched out with tiers of brass collars, and with those of Bre, whose bid for *le chic* is with legs from ankle to thigh encased in metal hoops!

Like Burma, Ceylon is a Buddhist land—one of monasteries, temples, and shrines, with a magnificent setting of

Malaya has a climate that is always distinctly on the warm side, though the nights are pleasantly cool and its rich tropical vegetation, enlivened by frequent showers, is ever fresh; and there are heights inland where even the day temperatures are far from high. You can see these heights from the Peak on the pretty island of Penang, an excellent stopping-place, with some of the best of Malayan scenery. From Penang you can travel by rail in air-conditioned coaches, through the Malayan States of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, and Johore to Singapore, capital of the British colony known as the Straits Settlements, where life runs very smoothly and the luxury of its hotels amazes, though its dominant note now is that of air and naval might—as the most powerful naval base, in eastern waters, of the British Empire.

In that vast region of islands large and small known as the Netherlands East Indies, which extend from west to east a distance of no fewer than 3000 miles, are marvellous cruising grounds, in calm seas, with visits to islands peculiarly picturesque, but little known in the Western world. In Java and Sumatra you will see strangely varying peoples of Malayan and other origin, and with greatly differing forms of civilisation, dwelling on lands where tropical products of an extremely wide range grow in magnificent profusion, and where you will obtain charming glimpses of Dutch colonial life. There are lofty jungle-covered heights in Sumatra, and beautiful mountain lakes, and Java has mighty volcanoes, seen to perfection from the delightful hill-station of Tosari. A grand view of the splendid scenery of Java is to be obtained by a trip, one I can thoroughly recommend from experience, by the State railway, right across the island, from the capital, Batavia, to Sourabaya, from which it is but a step by sea, aboard a very comfortable steamer, to the isle of Bali, where beauty and romance go hand in hand. Here the people, alone of all the peoples of the Malayan Archipelago, profess Hinduism. They show an astonishing skill in the arts and crafts, and in the practice of agriculture. In their care-free, happy lives they have much to teach the people of the West!

Australia has the great advantage of summer-time during our winter for the attraction of visitors from this country. You are sure of



IN COLOMBO, THE COLOURFUL CAPITAL OF CEYLON: A TYPICAL STREET SCENE.

Photograph, Ellerman's City Line.



SINGAPORE, PICTURESQUE ORIENTAL CITY AND MIGHTY IMPERIAL BASE: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE NATIVE CRAFT MASSED IN THE RIVER.

Canadian Pacific Photograph.

India's greatly varied scenery—its mountains and valleys; great belts of primeval jungle; river deltas teeming with human and animal life, and rich in cultivation; upland plains and rolling downs; and sandy desert lands, where the camel is still the chief form of transport. Specially fitted railway carriages for tourists enable them to tour the country at their will, stopping where they please, whilst for those who prefer hotels, these are to be found in all the leading centres, first-class in comfort and cuisine.

There is as much variety among the sights of India as there is among its peoples. No one with a sense of history can fail to thrill when viewing the partly creeper-covered ruins of the Residency of Lucknow, the Memorial Well of Cawnpore, or the Tower of Victory at Chitor; nor when treading the soil of the plain of Delhi, whereon seven cities have been reared in turn! Who can behold without wonderment the magnificence of the great rock fortress of Gwalior, the colossal carved caves of Ellora and Ajanta, the immense stupa of Sanchi, the Golden Temple of Amritsar, or the rock temple of Trichinopoly? And again, who can look upon the beauty of the Taj Mahal unmoved? Then there are the palaces of Udaipur in a fairyland setting, the rose-pink buildings of Jaipur, the bathing ghats of Benares, and the ruined city of Fatehpur Sikri.

In Burma, which has an enjoyable cool season from November to March, it is easy to capture the real holiday spirit, for the Burmese are one of the most colourful of races in costume, and Burmese women are particularly charming. In Rangoon, where there are excellent hotels, there is one of the wonders of the world, the great golden pagoda of Shwe Dagon, to see which, on a Buddhist festival day, is to witness one of the most fascinating of scenes. A delightful trip is to go up the Irrawaddy by a steamer

tropical luxuriance. Here the palm grows to perfection, whilst the air is scented with the fragrance of flowers and that of the spice groves. In Kandy, the former capital, which lies amidst the hills by the side of a lovely lake, is the Temple of the Tooth, containing one of the most precious relics of Gautama Buddha, and at Anuradhapura, an ancient capital, are great ruins of the past. The climate of Ceylon about the coast-level is very warm and moist, but actually by the seashore, with strong winds blowing, it is comparatively cool, and there is excellent surf-bathing at Mount Lavinia, a seaside resort not far from Colombo.



THE GATEWAY OF INDIA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS OF BOMBAY; SHOWING ALSO THE BEACH AND PROMENADE, FROM MALABAR HILL.

Canadian Pacific Photograph.



ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOLIDAY RESORTS AUSTRALIA HAS TO OFFER: PALM BEACH, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Photograph, Orient Line.

And then you can ascend by rail through plantations of rubber and coffee and spices, to cool upland heights where the choicest teas of Ceylon are grown; where there are beautiful falls, and where there is a charming hill-station, Newara Eliya, with a temperate climate and a lovely countryside. Above it towers "Pedro," a peak over 8000 ft. high, the loftiest in Ceylon, from which there is a wondrous view. Not very far distant is Ceylon's noblest sight—Adam's Peak, often wreathed in mist, from which its conical summit projects, and bearing the mark which is sacred to Buddhist, Hindu, and Moslem alike.

sunny days, wherever you go, and nowhere will you find more delightful sun-bathing than on the far-famed Sydney beaches, where, too, the facilities for surf-bathing are first-class, and those, also, for yachting. Its beaches, and the splendid scenery of its magnificent harbour, remind one of the Riviera at its best, and life in Sydney in summer-time is similarly bright and attractive. Melbourne has its stately streets and gardens; Adelaide its beautiful parks; Perth and Hobart have a distinct charm, and a visit to Brisbane affords an opportunity of seeing rich sub-tropical vegetation, and, if you go on by train to Cairns, of a trip to that marvel of coral—the Great Barrier Reef. There is wonderful scenery in the Blue Mountains and on the Hawkesbury River, there are the Jenolan Caves, the grand jarrah and karri forests of Southern Australia, the giant eucalyptus trees, and woods of wattles and tree-ferns. And there are the strange Australian animals—the lovable little koala, the kangaroo, the duck-billed, web-footed, beaver-tailed platypus, and the lyre-bird to be seen. Nor can a visit to Australia be considered complete without a tour of its great sheep and cattle farms, its fruit orchards, and its gold-fields.

New Zealand is a scenic wonderland—with its geysers and glaciers, its snowy mountains and lakes, forests and rivers. Rotorua, and those two majestic volcanoes, Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe, the magnificent peak of Mount Egmont, the lovely Wanganui River, and the fairy-like caves of Waitomo, on North Island, are outstanding among world scenery, and so, too, the marvellous falls and fiefs of South Island—the Sutherland and the Bowen Falls, Milford, Marlborough, and Doubtful Sounds, and beautiful Lake Wakatipu, and Lakes Manapouri and Te Anau; no mountain ranges excel the grandeur of New Zealand's Southern Alps.

EGYPT—THE SUDAN—EAST AFRICA— SOUTHERN RHODESIA—AND SOUTH AFRICA.

EGYPT is a land with a popularity for winter travel that is always assured. Its dry, sunny climate is one that suits so many people, for the genial warmth of the day is succeeded by bracing coolness at night. The almost absolute certainty of fine weather is a tremendous asset for those who wish to enjoy life as much as possible in the open air, and who are anxious to devote considerable time to out-of-door excursions. And then there is that almost indescribable charm of the desert, that wonderful light of sunset and of dawn, the illimitable distances, the vivid green oases amid the yellow wastes of sand, the mysterious comings and goings of the Bedouin with their camels. The Pyramids of Gizeh, known to the ancients as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, still hold those who behold them in their thrall, and, these apart, Egypt is a very treasure-house of antiquities. Alexandria and Cairo have played their part in history, and to-day bridge the gap between the old and the new, the former with the basement of the Serapeum, which stood when Osiris was worshipped here, and Pompey's Pillar; the latter with its grand old Citadel, built by the great Saladin well-nigh eight hundred years ago. Yet both have fine boulevards and stately avenues, luxurious hotels, and all the refinements of Western civilisation.

Then to float, on a steamer as perfectly appointed for your journey as the genius of Thos. Cook can devise, through the heart of Egypt, up the Nile, source of the country's wealth, gleaming silver and green, by its banks, here a simple village, there some of the grandest ruins which ever graced a land. So, on past the site of ancient Memphis and Sakkara, the rock tombs of Beni Hasan, past Asyut, where are the tombs of Hapfezai and Kheti; Baliana, near to which is the wonderful temple of Seti I., Dendera and its temple, linked with Cleopatra's name. To rest awhile in Luxor, and view the great temples of Karnak, the Tombs of the Kings, the terrace temple of Hatasu, the Colossi of Memnon, the Rameseum, and the tomb of Nefertari; and then on once again past the temples at Isna and Edfu, the great dam at Aswan, the temples of Dendur and Kalabsha, Abu Simbel, with its colossal statues of

where live the wild Baggara, then patches of papyrus line the river, with dense forests behind, and frequently crocodiles are seen basking on the mud, and hippopotami. In places you pass the thatched and mud-walled huts which are the homes of the Shilluks—some of whom, with elaborate coiffure, and armed with spear and shield, parade the river bank—and bands of wandering Dinkas, naked, and of gigantic stature. When the Sudd region has been left behind, you enter the big-game belt of forest land, where herds of elephant and rhinoceros have their home,



SPACIOUS CAPE TOWN: THE CITY AS SEEN FROM THE LOVELY DE WAAL DRIVE.
Canadian Pacific Photograph.

and the wart-hog, lion, leopard, hyena, antelope, gazelle and hartebeest are to be seen. You will find that you have passed the days so pleasantly, that you will be loth to leave the steamer at Juba, there to make the journey to Nimule, the frontier post for Uganda, by motor-car.

In order to get to the rail-head of the Kenya and Uganda Railways, which links you up with almost any part of Kenya, Uganda, or Tanganyika (except Ruwenzori, on the Belgian Congo frontier), you travel again by steamer, on another section of the Nile, the Albert Nile. Here you have a view of the Uganda-Congo Highlands, touching heights of 8000 ft. You stop at Rhino Camp, where the very rare white rhinoceros lives, and go on to Butiaba, a port on Lake Albert, and from there by car to Masindi, the port on Lake Kioga which connects by steamer service with Butiaba. East Africa has much to offer the tourist—the splendid Ripon and Murchison Falls, the Mofirumbo Mountains, the Albert National Park and its



THE SPLENDOR OF RHODESIAN SCENERY: A WIDE VIEW OF THE COUNTRY NEAR UMTALI, IN THE EASTERN PART OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.
Photograph, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia.

Rameses the Great, to Wadi Halfa, first post across the border—in the Sudan. From there you can go by launch to view the rugged rocks and swirling waters of the Second Cataract of the Nile.

It is from Wadi Halfa that you travel, if you wish to see the Sudan, in a train equipped with dining- and sleeping-cars. You go southwards to Khartoum, Sudan's capital, a thousand feet above sea-level, and a place with a delightful winter climate—cool, sunny and bracing. Khartoum has excellent accommodation for the tourist, and is becoming more and more popular as a winter resort. It is charmingly laid out, on the left bank of the Blue Nile, immediately above its junction with the White Nile. Its chief point of historical interest is the Governor-General's palace, built on the site of the palace in which Gordon once lived, and in which a tablet marks the actual spot where Gordon fell. The memory of General Gordon is perpetuated by Gordon College. Across the Nile is Omdurman, where Kitchener smashed the power of the Khalifa, and where you can still see Sudanese life much as it was in those days, tortuous streets with houses of mud-brick, markets where are displayed goods ranging from elephant and rhinoceros tusks to spears and suits of ancient chain-armor.

For those who have the time and the inclination to pay a visit to East Africa, it is a most interesting trip to proceed from Khartoum by a steamer of the Sudan Government Railways, specially equipped for tropical travel, up the White Nile, a thousand miles, to the Uganda border. The journey is one of the most interesting and enjoyable imaginable, for the river is narrow enough for you to watch the life on its banks—from the comfort of a sun-screened deck; and you see, first the sand and thorn-bush waste



THE ETERNAL LURE OF EGYPT: THE GREAT PYRAMIDS AT GIZEH SEEN FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO THEM FROM THE MENA HOUSE HOTEL.
Photograph, Orient Line.

game reserves, the Ituri Forest and its pygmies, and the Semliki Valley of Uganda; the Great Rift Valley, with its escarpments and volcanoes, one of the world's wonders; the snowfields of Mount Kenya, the great game reserves, and its splendid capital, Nairobi, in Kenya; and Africa's highest mountain, Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika.

Southern Rhodesia suggests, naturally, to the traveller, Cecil Rhodes, and that lone spot high up on the Matopos where he lies buried; but in any case the Matopos, which begin some fifteen miles out of Buluwayo and extend for a distance of about sixty miles to the south, and thirty from east to west, are well worth a visit for the splendid views they afford and their interesting flora—great candleabra-shaped euphorbias, aloes and cabbage-trees, purple wistaria, fiery-red Kafir-boom, red and yellow gladiolus, and hibiscus, and wild sweet-pea, with the beautiful,

flat-topped, wide-spreading mountain acacia. Here, too, in the cave and rock-shelters, are excellent examples of "Bushman" paintings, and it was here that Lobengula, the last ruler of the Matabele, had his first capital. The Victoria Falls, two and a half times the height of Niagara, with their beautiful sylvan setting, are the Mecca of tourists in Rhodesia; and the huge ruins of Zimbabwe form a great attraction, too, for their mystery, still largely unsolved, excites the imagination, and we like to be led back to the days when we thrilled over "She" and "King Solomon's Mines."

Southern Rhodesia has splendid highlands along its eastern border, which on no account should be missed by its visitors. Much of it lies between four and five thousand feet above sea-level—one lonely pass touches 7000 ft.; and here there are grassy mountain heights, rocky ravines and gorges, with luxuriant tropical vegetation, dense forests of fine trees, cascaded waterfalls, moorlands with heather and bracken, interesting scenes of native life, and, where the skill of the European settler has wrought the marvel, gardens of fruit—strawberries and peaches, apples and plums! Umtali is the rail-head for the entry into this



THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, A WONDERFUL WINTER HOLIDAY RESORT: MAGNIFICENT COASTAL SCENERY ON THE MARINE DRIVE ROUND THE CAPE, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CHAPMAN'S PEAK.

Photograph, Ellerman and Bucknall Line.

delectable land, and Melsetter, Selinda and Inayanga are its "high-lights."

From mid-October to the end of March is the time when climatic conditions enable you to spend a perfect holiday in South Africa. Then, Cape Town, so beautifully situated at the foot of Table Mountain, with fine thoroughfares, imposing buildings, smart shops, and luxurious hotels, is at its best, in a social and in a sporting sense. Within easy distance of it are some of the finest seaside bathing resorts in the world—Muizenberg, St. James and Kalk Bay, Camp's Bay and Clifton. You can take a marine drive of 100 miles, along the edge of the Atlantic, round the Cape of Good Hope, and then along the edge of the Indian Ocean, which for coastal scenery is nowhere excelled. The southern coast of Cape of Good Hope is a seaside and sylvan paradise, typified by Wilderness, George, and Knysna; while Mossel Bay is a resort of much charm. Port Elizabeth, on Algoa Bay, Port Alfred, and Port London attract large crowds with their very safe bathing, and on the Natal coast, Durban beach is one of the most up-to-date you will find anywhere.

Inland, there are the fruit orchards and vineyards (first planted by the Huguenot settlers in South Africa) to be seen, and then the fine scenery of the Hex River Valley, leading to the Great Karoo, where the vast plains, a hundred thousand square miles of them, feed upwards of thirty million sheep! You travel over the Karoo very luxuriously in one of the special long-distance trains, and make the journey very expeditiously to Kimberley, there to see the greatest diamond mines in the world, the "big hole" remaining as a memento of the days of open-cut mining; and on to Johannesburg hub of the universe, in a gold sense, 6000 ft. above sea-level, and one of the best-built cities anywhere to be found. Near by, Pretoria deserves a visit—for the comparison between its quiet, restful beauty and the busy rush of "Jo'burg." The one-storeyed cottage there in which Paul Kruger once lived is shown, and Jess's Cottage, once Rider Haggard's home. It is a fine run over the veldt to the Kruger National Park in the Eastern Transvaal, but a small portion only of this wonderful game reserve is open in winter, and most visitors with limited time would probably prefer to trek to the mountains of Natal, of the Drakensberg Range, with their magnificent scenery. It was a splendid idea to create a National Park in this beautiful region, but this is typical of the manner in which South Africa has been made an ideal land for tourists!



"... must have been gazed on by Angels in their flight"—LIVINGSTONE

The sombre majesty of the Victoria Falls—the stupendous leap of the Zambezi into a 400-foot chasm—is only one of Southern Rhodesia's many thrills for Tourists old and young. The mystery of the strange Zimbabwe ruins; Rhodes' grave in the Matopo Hills; scenery unequalled; big game; these, and civilised comfort in travel and hotels, combine to make it a perfect holiday-land. To home-makers, Southern Rhodesia offers splendid prospects—civilised conditions, low-living costs, no Income Tax on married incomes under £800.

Write for Booklets on Touring or Settlement to Dept. I.L.N., Rhodesia Travel Bureau, 219, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SOUTHERN



RHODESIA



Photo. by P. Hoeffler.

NATIVE lore, historic associations, and big game hunting—to mention but a few of its attractive features—make east Africa a vastly interesting field for the traveller. There's infinite scope for the ciné and still camera in the game reserves and amongst the breathlessly beautiful scenery.

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SHORES AND ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IT has been well said that the shores of the Mediterranean are the winter playground of Europe, for they offer almost every variety of genial winter climate, zones of luxuriant vegetation, and a charming diversity of peoples—all within easy reach. Along the Côte d'Azur, in the South of France, are the resorts of the French Riviera—Monte Carlo, with a winter season of opera and dramatic performances, a world-famed motor rally, championship contests in several sports, and the most cosmopolitan of throngs crowding its magnificent Casino and the International Sporting Club; Nice, palatial city by the sea, with its casinos, theatres, smart shops and cafés, and a full bill of sports, including the race for the Grand Prix on the fine course near the Var; Cannes, at the foot of the lovely Estérel, with its beautiful gardens on the Croisette, and its polo, racing, regattas, and with the fragrant flower fields of Grasse near by; Mentone and the Bay of Garavan, its lemon groves and flowers and charming Casino, and, like Nice and Cannes, with a quaint old quarter. Then there are Hyères, set amid lovely surroundings; St. Raphaël, on what is known as the porphyry coast, and Valescure among the pines; Juan-les-Pins, with its promenade to Cap d'Antibes; and smaller resorts such as Le Lavandou, Sainte-Maxime, Agay, St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat, Cap-Martin, and Beaulieu.

Across the French-Italian frontier from Ventimiglia are the equally delightful resorts of the Italian Riviera—first Bordighera, nestling amid palms and flowers, with



EVER-POPULAR MONACO: A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AT MONTE CARLO, THE WORLD FAMOUS FRENCH RIVIERA RESORT. (Photograph, Cunard White Star Co.)

a wonderful view of the French coast to the west, and with many charming walks and drives; then little Ospedaletti and its beautiful promenade, lined with trees and shrubs of amazing luxuriance; San Remo, with a picturesque mountain setting, vying with Monte Carlo in the magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its gardens and the brilliance of its life, and where carnival time is one that is exceptionally gay; and Alassio, with a fine, open situation, though well sheltered from winds, very popular with visitors from this country, and having a British club. On the other side of Genoa, connected with the western resorts by the fine road known as the Via Aurelia, are Italy's eastern Riviera resorts—Nervi, where the mountains come down to the sea, affording splendid shelter to its promenade; then, on the other side of the magnificent wooded headland of Portofino, with commanding views of the coast, Santa Margherita, set amid the loveliest of scenery, and with the romantic castle of Paraggi near by, also the historic Monastero della Cervera, where King Francis I. of France was held prisoner after the battle of Pavia in 1525; and Rapallo, clustering around the shores of a delightful bay, at the foot of well-wooded hills, its white villas surrounded with pretty gardens of sub-tropical plants and shrubs and protected from easterly winds by tiers of mountains—a perfect centre for a winter holiday.

Italy has another stretch of coast where winter visitors will find a most congenial climate, charming scenery, and many extremely interesting sights—that which starts



A FAVOURITE SPOT WITH ENGLISH VISITORS TO THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: RAPALLO, AT THE HEAD OF THE BAY OF TIGULLIO, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM SANTA MARGHERITA. (Photograph, Enil-London.)

from and, of course, includes the Bay of Naples, and extends to Salerno, on the gulf of that name. Naples, with a most gay winter season, and with a wealth of historic and artistic buildings, fine shops and thoroughfares, and luxurious hotels, is an excellent centre for sight-seeing, having quite near to it the royal palaces of Capodimonte and Caserta, picturesque Baia, those little gems of islands, Ischia and Procida, the excavated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, with their graphic revelation of Roman life as it was lived nearly two thousand years ago, and ever-interesting Vesuvius. Pleasant excursions can be made to Sorrento, high up on the cliffs, and to Capri, with its wonderful rocks and caves. Here Roman emperors once lingered to forget the cares of State. Amalfi, on the Gulf of Salerno, is a very cosy little place in which to winter, for rugged hills give it perfect shelter, making it a sun-trap in the truest sense of the word, yet it is also bracing; and it is fascinatingly built, on terraces rising from the water's edge. The road from Amalfi to Sorrento is one of enchanting beauty. High up above it is Ravello, a town that was, and of whose great days gems of architecture remain. You can go by another beautiful coastal road to ancient Salerno, twenty-five miles from which lies Paestum, with magnificent ruins of the Greek city which once flourished there.

Southwards, across the Tyrrhenian Sea, lies Sicily, isle of exceeding winter charm, and with resorts famed the world over. Palermo, the island's capital, nestles amid groves of oranges and lemons, with a mountain background. It has treasures of art and architecture, reminders of the times when Moorish rulers and Norman kings held sway there, but it is modern enough at Mondello, its suburb by the sea, where one can bathe the winter through. The temples of Segesta and Agrigento, wondrous examples of Greek art, are within motoring distance of Palermo. Syracuse, which at one time figured so prominently in Greek history, and is now a veritable treasure-house of Greek remains, is a very pleasant winter resort, and Taormina, so beautifully situated, with a marvellous view of Etna, and a very enjoyable social life, is an ideal one. Then up at the head of the Adriatic is the little island of Brioni, which has been organised in a most delightful manner—the whole of it forming a very enjoyable all-round country club—as a winter resort; and on the mainland, at the head of the Gulf of Quarnero, is Abbazia, with a wooded and sheltered coast-line, and within easy distance of both Trieste and Fiume.

Another island of the Mediterranean with an attractive winter climate is Malta, which, apart from the interest of its megalithic monuments and its mediæval fortresses and palaces, and its historic association with the Knights of St. John, has a strong appeal in its excellent facilities for sport and pleasure. These include a winter opera season, a Carnival Week, and picturesque Easter ceremonies. At Cyprus, Richard Cœur de Lion married his fair Berengaria of Navarre and had her crowned Queen of



THE CHARM OF TOURING IN SOUTHERN ITALY: A STRETCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL COAST ROAD RUNNING FROM AMALFI TO SALERNO. (Photograph, Enit-London.)

the English, and there still is to be seen, in the port of Famagusta, Othello's Tower; while in the capital, Nicosia, you can feast your eyes on mediæval glories. Rhodes, isle of flowers, once, in its Colossus, owned one of the wonders of the world. There the Knights of St. John ruled for two centuries, and many of the splendid buildings of their time remain. Now, under Italian rule, a splendid hotel graces the fine shore of the capital. Corsica is an island with an extraordinary diversity of scenery—lofty mountains, large and dense forests, commanding cliffs and rocks of fantastic form, and hillsides covered with a thick carpet of aromatic vegetation which scents the air and is known as the *maquis*. Ajaccio, the capital, birthplace of Napoleon, and devoted to his memory, is set amongst palms and tamarisk and mimosa, and is just the place in which to spend a restful and healthful holiday in the winter-time.

Among Mediterranean winter resorts on the North African shore is Tripoli, the capital of the Italian colony of Tripolitania, built right along the seashore, and with excellent weather conditions during the winter.

It has modern hotels, a splendid promenade by the sea, theatres, cafés, restaurants, tennis courts, and a race-course. Some eighty miles distant is the ancient Roman city of Leptis Magna, the birthplace of the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus, where, in recent years, a number of ruins of his time have been brought to light in a perfect state of preservation. Tunis, the capital of Tunisia, is a French resort which retains its old-world attractiveness, and is interesting as being near to the site of ancient Carthage; also as being fairly convenient for a visit to Kairouan, the "Sacred City of Africa," with its magnificent mosques. Algiers vies with Cairo in the manner in which its modern quarter is in striking contrast with the old. You can live there as comfortably as in Paris, and under very agreeable climatic conditions, and yet close at hand is the Kasbah, with its tortuous thoroughfares and rambling old Berber houses, unchanging through the centuries. As a centre for excursions, Algiers is admirable. You can go from there to any part of Algeria, Tunisia, or Morocco by rail or road, to the gorge of Chabet-el-Akra and Constantine, by way of the strange mountain ridge of the Aures to Biskra, the Pearl of the Desert, surrounded by numbers of charming little oases; to Touggourt, on the edge of the Sahara, and to Ouargla, in it, even across the Sahara—to Timbuctoo, Gao, or Lake Tchad! Moreover, whilst you can revel in the sunshine on the coast and on the plains, you can also, within easy distance of Algiers, find mountain heights (in the National Park of Chrea) where there are ski-ing grounds, and where all kinds of winter sports are organised by the Algiers Ski Club!



UNCHANGING AFRICA: A PICTURESQUE THOROUGHFARE IN THE OLD QUARTER OF ALGIERS—STEEP, DARK AND TORTUOUS. (Canadian Pacific Photograph.)

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CRUISING: AFRICAN AND ATLANTIC PORTS—THE ATLANTIC ISLES—THE WEST INDIES—BERMUDA AND THE BAHAMAS.

THE charm of a cruising holiday in winter-time is one that appeals to many people, and certainly it is exceedingly pleasant to step aboard a luxuriously-appointed liner at Tilbury, Southampton, or Liverpool and know that within forty-eight hours you will have left behind you gloomy skies and cold winds, and sailed into seas of almost tropic calm, where the air is light and balmy, and the sun shines the day through, and you can experience the delights of life in the open air with your "hotel" close at hand to minister to your every want. And then, when you come to a port of call, you have the choice of going ashore, on your own, or with friends you have made during the voyage, or with a ship's escorted party, enabling you to see the sights of the place in the most economical way. However you go, you have the great satisfaction of knowing that you will return at the end of the day, pleasantly tired, to a "home" aboard ship, where you will be able to do just as you please. I feel sure that it is this freedom from care which goes so far to make a cruising holiday so popular.

Lisbon is a favourite Atlantic port of call: it has a fine situation on the Tagus, public gardens with a luxuriance of vegetation excelled nowhere, and one of the most handsome avenues in Europe. There are to be found many historical buildings, among which the Convento dos Jeronimos at Belem—founded in 1499,



IN THE FRENCH EMPIRE: A STREET SCENE IN DAKAR, THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH WEST AFRICA AND A POPULAR PORT OF CALL FOR CRUISING LINERS.

Photograph, Cunard White Star Co.

to commemorate the eventful voyage of Vasco da Gama—and the Church of San Vicente, burial-place of the Kings of Braganza, are outstanding. Lovely little Cintra, with its palaces and terraced gardens, is a pleasant excursion from Lisbon, and a frequent electric tram service takes one to Estoril, one of the most agreeable of winter resorts. On the North African Atlantic coast is Tangier, an old-world Moorish port; with plenty of local colour, and an International Zone which enables it to support smart hotels and European shops. Once it was British, and it still retains, as a memorial of those days, the English Mole and York Castle. Then there is Casablanca, a splendid modern-made port, the second largest town in Morocco, and connected by rail with the picturesque old battlemented town of Rabat, which has some very fine ancient Moorish buildings, among them the Hasan Tower, built by El Mansour in the thirteenth century. From there you can go by ferry, or on foot, to Salé, once known as Sallee, then the most notorious pirate lair on the Barbary Coast.

West African ports, with their brilliant winter sunshine and the interesting glimpses they afford of West African life, are included in many a winter cruising



IN MADEIRA—A LAND OF ETERNAL SUNSHINE: THE HARBOUR OF FUNCHAL; WITH UNION CASTLE LINERS LYING AT ANCHOR.

Photograph, Perestrellos, Funchal.

itinerary these days. There is Dakar, a seaport of Senegal, and the capital of French West Africa; Bathurst, the capital of the British Colony of Gambia, the trade charter of which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth; Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone; Takoradi, with a magnificent harbour, which provides a strange contrast with the old forts of Cape Coast Castle and Elmina; Accra, capital of the Gold Coast, where the Governor's residence is an old Danish fort; and Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, where, in addition to much else of interest, you will find Europe in Africa to the extent of polo and racing, golf, and tennis!

The Canary Isles are very fortunate in the matter of their winter weather, which is uniformly sunny, and many degrees warmer than that of any European resorts. Las Palmas, on Grand Canary, and its capital, and Santa Cruz (the capital of all the islands) on Tenerife, are the usual cruising ports of call. Las Palmas is a well-built and busy city, with good hotels. From it, motor roads run around the island, affording views of the banana plantations and vineyards, passing through lovely scenery, and also giving an opportunity for a visit to the interesting cave-dwellings of Atalaya. Santa Cruz is the spot where

Nelson lost his right arm during a British attack on the place in 1797. You can drive from it, by a good road, to Orotava, a very beautiful resort over a thousand feet above sea-level, and from which the ascent can be made of the Peak of Teneriffe, the highest point of which, El Piton, reaches 12,200 ft. Madeira is fortunate in having such a splendid harbour as that of Funchal, affording one of the finest views of the island possible. Above the town skirting the water's edge are luxuriantly wooded hillsides, on which cluster white-walled houses, set amidst gardens gay with bougainvillea, wisteria, geraniums, and many other bright-flowering plants, and high up beyond the hill-tops tower high mountains. A railway runs through magnificent scenery up to a wide terrace, 3300 ft. above sea-level, where there are lovely gardens and a chalet restaurant. From there a splendid panoramic view is obtained of the hillsides, the town below and the harbour, and fine motor roads have been constructed, here running above one of the highest sea cliffs in the world (2000 ft.), and there climbing up to a charming 3000-ft.-high resort, where there is a golf course, and excursions are made into the mountainous interior of the island. Other attractions in Madeira are its curious form of downhill transport, on wooden sledges; its bullock carts on wooden runners; its wine, once very popular in this country; its lace-making industry; its luxurious hotels, the British Country Club, and the Casino; and its fine facilities for most forms of sport.



BERMUDA LINKED WITH AMERICA BY AIR: THE PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS "BERMUDA CLIPPER" AND THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT "CAVALIER" AT ANCHOR AT THE AIR BASE AT DARRELL'S ISLAND. (Photograph, David Knudsen, Hamilton.)

The beauty of Jamaica is apparent when approaching Kingston Harbour and as you pass the entrance to this magnificent sheet of water you see, on a sandy spit, an old fort dating back to Charles II.'s day, and in which Nelson once lived, and you remember that, as Port Royal, this was once the worst pirate haunt in the Caribbean. Ahead lie the Blue Mountains. You can go by car from Kingston over them to Port Antonio, on the opposite side of the island, and revel in beauty all the way. Rafting down the Rio Grande is another delight, a trip along the Rio Cobre reveals the tropical luxuriance of the land, and one to Montego Bay, on the north coast, provides excellent bathing and a peep at the wild Cockpit country. No visit to Jamaica should omit Spanish Town, the former capital, with its monument to Rodney and its Cathedral, the oldest in the British Colonies.

Barbados has the finest bathing beaches in the West Indies, and the finest Marine Club by far. Moreover, as the most easterly of the West Indian Islands, it receives the full force of the cool north-east trade wind, which makes its winter climate a very agreeable one. The first British Colony to grow sugar, its sugar



HAMILTON, THE DELIGHTFUL CAPITAL OF BERMUDA: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE IN THE BACKGROUND, IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THE ATLANTIC LINER BERTHED IN THE HARBOUR. (Photograph, Bermuda Trade Development Board.)

plantations are the feature of the landscape, and very picturesque are the old windmills, once used for power purposes. Bridgetown, the capital and chief port, is still a great resort for windjammers; it has a Trafalgar Square, with a statue of Nelson, the second such erected in the British Empire, and a house in which George Washington once lived. From Bridgetown you can make interesting tours across and round the island, see planters' mansions dating back to Stuart days, surf-bathe on the coast at Bathsheba, and pass through interesting West Indian villages. Hastings, near to Bridgetown, is a very pleasant suburb by the sea, and here is the Marine Hotel, the leading hotel in Barbados, where there is every provision for sport and amusement, and where a most enjoyable holiday may be spent.

Trinidad has a very pleasant capital in Port of Spain, from which it is possible to explore the whole island. There are fine bathing beaches at Macqueripe, lovely scenery in the Maracas Valley, among the Montserrat Hills, and along the Arima-Blanchisseuse road, which becomes very wild on the north-east coast, at Balandra Bay, where there is good surf-bathing; and when in Trinidad you should

(Continued overleaf.)

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Continued.
 certainly pay a visit to its fine Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, the leading institution of its kind in the Empire, the oil-fields, and the cacao plantations, whilst, of course, you will go to La Brea, on the coast, to have a look at the great Pitch Lake, one of the economic wonders of the world. There are other West Indian Islands at which cruising liners sometimes call—Tobago, the isle Defoe had in mind when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe"; St. Lucia, with its fine harbour, and the heights of the Morne; St. Vincent, where the first bread-fruit tree brought to the New World by Captain Bligh is to be seen; Antigua, capital of the Leeward Islands, with English Harbour, where Nelson used to re-fit; Nevis, on which Nelson was married to Fanny Nisbet; Montserrat, where the lime-juice comes from, and St. Kitts, the "Mother Colony of the British West Indies," with the ruins of a fortress on Brimstone Hill, once considered to be the Gibraltar of the West Indies.

For a winter holiday in a climate of peculiar appeal to the average person in this country, since it is one of warm, sunny days, when the temperature is that of an English June, and cool, bracing nights, Bermuda is really ideal. In the matter of sport, its facilities are well-nigh unbounded. It has magnificent stretches of almost land-locked sea-water, where yachting is always available; bathing beaches, some of pink coral sand, protected from rough seas by the coral reefs which surround the islands; the

marvellous marine life of which you can view from glass-bottomed boats; many excellent golf-courses, the scenic amenities of which are among the finest imaginable; tennis courts on which many of America's "stars" often play; sea-angling for such good fighting fish as the tuna, barracuda, wahoo, amberfish, and bonita; and numbers of tiny islands to which you can row or sail and there picnic under the most romantic conditions. As for accommodation, Bermuda has some of the world's finest hotels, several with their own bathing pools, and private bathing beaches, all with their own tennis courts, some having golf-courses of their own, and all with a full programme of amusements, and a very high standard of comfort and cuisine. A railway, equipped with Pullman observation cars, connects all the islands and affords opportunities for exploring them all, and, though motor traffic is forbidden you do not miss it, and enjoy the restful charm of being driven along the shady roads of the beautiful Bermuda countryside, with its hedges of many-hued oleander and hibiscus, and purple Morning Glory, and its delightful, old-world houses of white coralline limestone, standing out in striking contrast with the dark green foliaged trees of juniper. If you are in Bermuda somewhere before the time of Easter, there are far-stretching fields of fragrant white lilies, a sea of shimmering blossom!

As the oldest continuously-settled colony in the British Empire, Bermuda has much of great historic interest to offer—the forts once used for the protection of St. George's, formerly the capital, where a tablet marks the spot of the interment of the heart of Sir George Somers, founder of the Colony. Here there is an old State House dating from 1620, a church built in 1714 on the site of one built in 1612, and quaint, rambling old lanes and houses reminding one of Bermuda's early days. On Ireland

Island, the Imperial Naval Station, where there is an extensive dockyard and a great floating dock, the bell is shown which is said to have belonged to H.M.S. "Shannon," which was damaged during her engagement with the



AN OLD-WORLD CORNER OF BARBADOS: A VIEW OF THE INNER HARBOUR AT BRIDGETOWN. (Photograph, French Line.)



NASSAU, THE POPULAR RESORT IN THE BAHAMAS: A GAY SCENE ON PARADISE BEACH. (Photograph, Cunard White Star.)

U.S. Frigate "Chesapeake." Hamilton, the present capital, has many fine buildings, including the Parliament House, its Anglican Cathedral, two theatres, pleasant public gardens, and smart shops, whilst near to it is Government House. Pleasant little villages are scattered amongst the islands, and near to one of these, Platts Village, four miles from Hamilton, is the Government Aquarium, where the exhibits of fishes native to the waters of Bermuda are remarkable.

The Isles of the Bahamas are many and far-reaching, but New Providence, on which the capital of them all, Nassau, is situated, is the only one that figures in cruising ports of call. It, like Bermuda, has luxurious hotels, fine bathing beaches, most interesting marine gardens, an exceptional novelty in its sponge-fishing fleet, old forts, which hark back to the days of the pirates and the buccaneers. In addition to all this, it has a winter climate which, though slightly warmer than that of Bermuda, is a very attractive one, and which, in conjunction with good facilities for sport, offers the winter visitor a very agreeable holiday.



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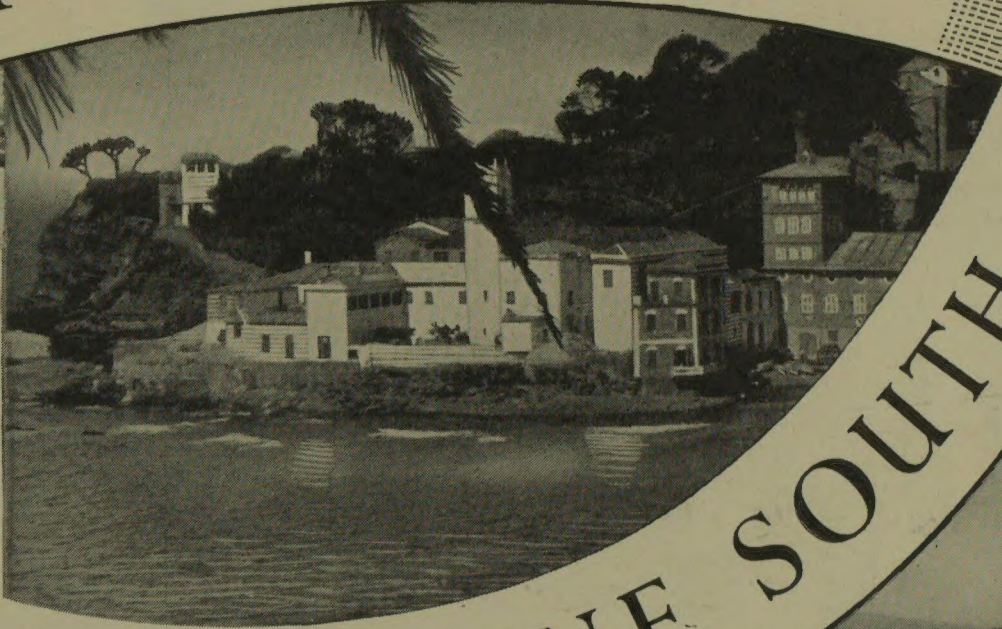
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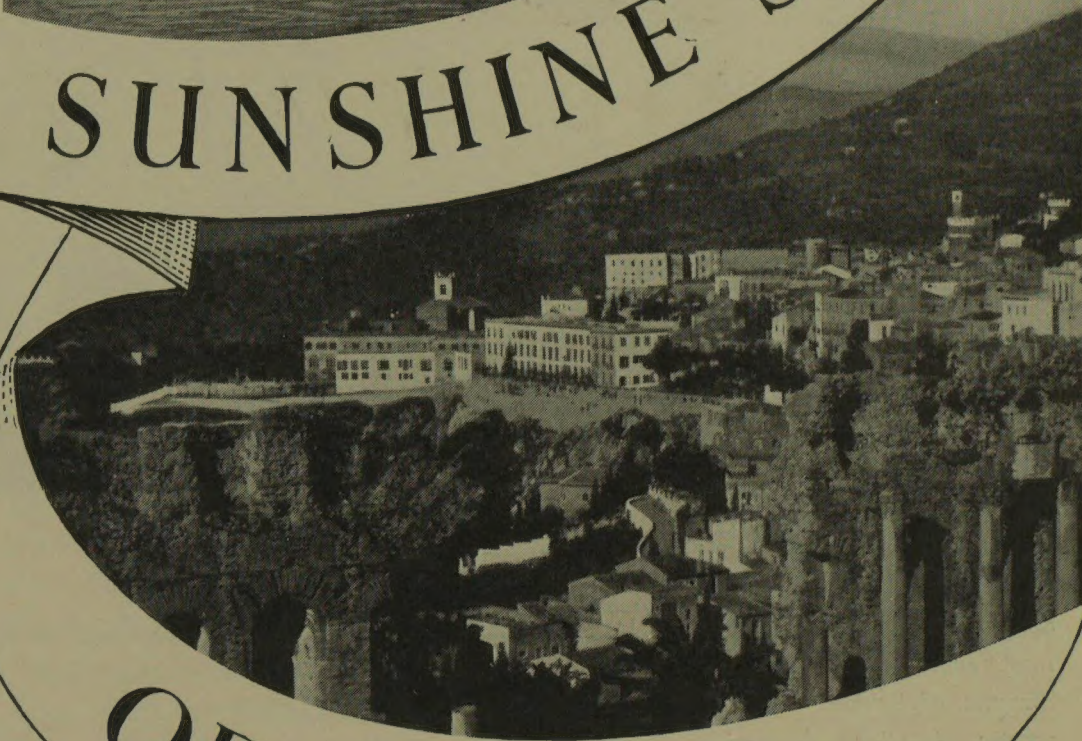
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED,"
AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

A DRAMATIST is entitled to have his work taken at his own valuation. Thus a play labelled a melodrama receives considerable critical licence. It would be unfair, however, to accept Mr. J. B. Priestley's designation of his play as "A Yorkshire Farcical Comedy." Yorkshire is admittedly its venue, if a Southron may judge, but it is certainly not a farcical comedy. It is rather a character comedy. As such, Mr. Basil Dean has produced it. A farce, to be successful, should not only contain surprises, but have some physical action—such as hiding in a wrong bedroom. Accept this play as a farce, and one goes home feeling one has spent only a moderately amusing evening. Wake up in the morning and realise that it is actually a character comedy one has seen, and one discovers, on reflection, that one has had admirable entertainment. The plot, as a plot (which shall not be gone into), might suffice to provide three five-minute scenes in a revue. One senses the *dénouement* from the start. Here we have three couples celebrating their silver weddings. As no children appear among the list of characters, there is little excitement to be expected from them. A love affair between any of the sextette seems out of the question. Take the couples in their order. There is Miss Muriel George, plump, happy, and "comfortable," married to Mr. Lloyd

Pearson, also plump, but hearty rather than comfortable. Then pretty Miss Helena Pickard (with a courageously coloured nose that might have been caused through tears or indigestion) and Mr. Raymond Huntley, so tight-fisted he wouldn't open his hand for a penny if a blind beggar gave it to him. Then Miss Ethel Coleridge's henpecking wife, with Mr. Ernest Butcher's oh so bland husband. Mr. Ernest Butcher is better known (with his wife, Miss Muriel George) as a singer of folk songs than as an actor. As a slightly bumble-footed husband, with more in his head than comes out of his mouth, he gives an extraordinarily comic performance. To praise Mr. Frank Pettingell's itinerant photographer on Blackpool Pier is a waste of words. All theatre-goers know how well he can get such a beery-moustached, crumby-waist-coated character over the footlights. One should hasten to add that the period of this play is some thirty years ago. Since when, one need hardly point out, pier photographers have more than reached a Bond Street status. The "discovery" of this production is most certainly going to be Miss Patricia Hayes. She plays the part of a "slavey," very independent and outspoken, such as one might meet in any Yorkshire eating-house. She is extremely funny. Unfortunately, there is one, if only one, critic who refuses to make "discoveries" on a single performance. Three at least he demands to see before he decides that it may be art, rather than clever type-casting. The plot of this play has been kept, intentionally, from

readers. It isn't one to matter to those who enjoy character sketches, and is certainly not one to interest those who don't.

"TREE OF EDEN," AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Lilli Palmer plays very attractively as a young lady, dressed in a sarong, who has been brought up on a desert island—deserted, that is, save for her unmarried mother and a faithful maid. When a young man arrives, she wonders, never having heard of such a thing as the male sex, what type of person he may be. Her would-be naughty efforts to discover pall after a time. The theme has been called highly original by some critics, but one at least is old enough to have a father who remembers Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Galatea," built on the same subject. Mr. Evelyn Roberts gets an agreeable touch of reality into the rôle of an exasperated uncle who cried: "Do let us get this over." Unfortunately, the play was not over until many of the audience had yawned more than is considered fashionable on a first night.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 740.)

editorship of the *Quarterly*, which he gave up to manage the Duke of Bedford's vast estates. The proximity of his father's Rectory to Osborne had early brought him acquaintance with Queen Victoria and her household, and he tells how, as a boy, he once catapulted the Prince Consort by mistake, and thought it "jolly decent" of him not to tell the Queen. He recalls, too, the faint smell of Garibaldi's beard as the great Red Shirt kissed him.

Lord Ernle's book contains many amusing anecdotes and interesting glimpses of the great. Here is the gem of them all, about a dinner-party given by James Knowles Tennyson, pleading a headache, did not appear. "The real fact was that, when he heard that Gladstone was coming, he had broken out into a fierce attack upon him, winding up with a refusal to meet him at dinner. He specially blamed Gladstone for the reduction of the Navy." After the ladies had retired, Knowles said to Gladstone: "Don't you think you could go up and persuade him to come down?" Gladstone at once accepted. "Ten minutes later, the shuffling of two old men's feet on the staircase proclaimed his success. Gladstone and Tennyson came into the room together, arm-in-arm, and even the slope of the politician's back was ingratiating. The two men sat side by side on the sofa eagerly talking about Tiresias, Ulysses, Tithonus and the Greek gods and other kindred subjects." After the party, Tennyson went off to bed, and as he took his candle he said: "I'm sorry I said all those hard things of that old man." The next morning at breakfast, he was unusually grumpy and silent. "At last he broke out. Putting his knife and fork down with a clatter on his plate, he said, 'I never said anything half bad enough of that damned old rascal!'" The incident, Lord Ernle points out, illustrates Gladstone's power of personal attraction.

With the subject of food supply there would seem to be kinship in "THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER." A Study of William Whiteley and the Rise of the London Department Store. By Richard S. Lambert. Illustrated (Harrap; ros. 6d.). Actually the kinship is little more than titular, for the interest of this admirable memoir (recommended by the Book Society) really runs on different lines. This interest is manifold—as a personal character-study and a record of an amazing career with a tragic close; as a historical account of shop-keeping—especially in the drapery trade—in mid-Victorian London, and the working conditions of shop assistants; and as a picture of social life at the period, as represented by Whiteley's customers; with side-lights on London topography and changes due largely to the opening of the Underground Railway.

Starting life as a Yorkshire lad, keen on farming, riding, and hunting, apprenticed to a drapery firm in Wakefield, William Whiteley was inspired by a holiday visit to the Great Exhibition of 1851 to dream of a huge commercial emporium. He migrated to London, and eventually founded its first great department store. He married one of his assistants, but later there was a separation, and in the end, as his biographer relates, he reaped "a bitter harvest from the wild oats he had sown so gaily in the hey-day of his manhood. . . . A quiet end was not what fate had in store for the Universal Provider." C. E. B.

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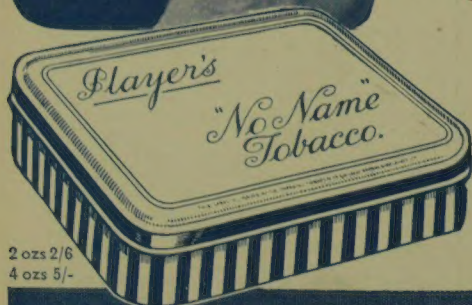
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